Saturday Night

May 16, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Members of Parliament who are puttering about their constituencies, attending to various pre-election chores, could spend a profitable hour or two in contemplation of what it means to be an MP. After thinking it over, some of them might decide that being a Member means a great deal more than sitting in the House of Commons from time to time, making the odd speech about the remarkable qualities of the home folks, and supporting with unquestioning obedience the actions and statements of party leaders. They might even decide that the lasting strength of Parliament is more important than the immediate success of a party.

It was obvious, in the dying days of the recent session, that most Liberal members either had not thought very much about the institution that is Parliament or just didn't give a hoot. Only one or two of the 184 in the House of Commons expressed doubts as the Government sought an extension of the Emergency Powers Act; only three Liberals of the 71 in the Senate spoke out against that Act. And when, after a great deal of pious talk by cabinet ministers about the need for emergency powers to "meet

Karla

MARIE-HÉLÈNE CHEVRIER: Folk songs with finesse *(Page 4)*

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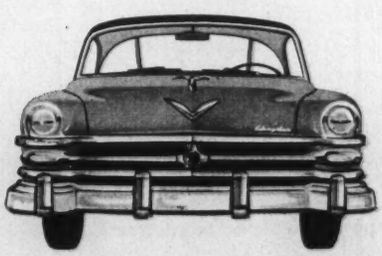

The Front Page

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

unforeseen exigencies" when Parliament was not in session, the Government blandly slipped through an order-in-council while the debate was going on, only two Liberals and one pro-Liberal Independent saw any reason to object to such a callous ignoring of parliamentary processes.

The members of the Cabinet are not so fuzzy-headed that their breaking of a solemn promise can be blamed on absentmindedness. Their action, then, was a deliberate insult to Parliament. And of all the Liberal members in the House of Commons, only two (John L. MacDougall, of Vancouver Burrard, and Alexander H. Jeffrey, of London) put Parliament above party by refusing to accept that insult without protest.

It was Mr. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, who revealed the Cabinet's attitude toward Parliament. He said: "We did the right thing and we did it without debate about it." The inference is that there is no point to bringing a matter before Parliament when it can be disposed of quickly and neatly by executive action. If the members accept this, they must also accept the next logical proposition: if debate wastes time, Parliament wastes time, and therefore there is no need for Parliament.

That is what the members might think about during these coming weeks. It is worth some thought, because, if Parliament sickens and dies, not only will the members be out of jobs, but the country will be out of freedom.

Callus Insurance

JOSSY RENARDY, young American violinist, recently insured the calluses on his hands for $25,000. The calluses form neat pads on the tips of the fingers of his left hand; without them, the tips would be raw and bleeding after any great amount of fingering the fiddle strings.

This suggests an interesting problem in values. If Renardy's calluses are worth $25,000, what would be the price tag on the fingertips of Heifetz or Menuhin? Or what would be the value of properly placed calluses to a foot-soldier, a navvy or a mounted policeman? There are great possibilities here for some enterprising insurance company.

Sir Winston

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL has earned every honor that a grateful country could give, but it was almost an anti-climax when Queen Elizabeth bestowed upon him "The Most Noble Order of the Garter," even though it is the oldest and most exclusive order of knighthood in her gift.

Here is a man whose place in history already is secure, whose greatness spills over international boundaries. When the hearts of free men were heavy with foreboding, when their minds were numbed by defeat, when his country stood well-nigh defenceless before a savage enemy, he sent words into battle and they had the force and power of a great army. In a score of tongues, his name was repeated and became a symbol of courage and hope.

"Winston Churchill" or "Winnie": the way it was said made it a title in itself. "Sir Winston" does not come easily to the tongue now; it does not have the same full, rich sound to it, as if something had been taken away, instead of being added.

Composers' Friend

A WHILE AGO, Canadian and American composers gave a citation to Jean Howson "for her insight as mentor and friend." When we dropped in on Miss Howson at the Toronto offices of Broadcast Music, Inc., Canada, we found her busy at the job of being a mentor and friend. She was working on estimates of what money was due various Canadian composers for public performances of their works.

JEAN HOWSON: the neighbors just weren't musical.

"I can't really explain it myself," she told us. "I've always had a very high regard for Canadian composers. When I worked for the CBC's press and information division, I did all I could to promote their works and activities. Whenever I thought I could possibly justify it, I'd shove out a picture story on some struggling composer. Nobody quite appreciates composers, and they need a sympathizer or two."

Her present imposing title, she explained, was Director of Art Music Publications for the Canadian performing rights and music publishing organization, BMI Canada Ltd. A tow-headed, blue-eyed woman, just five feet three inches tall, she denied having any ambition to be a composer herself. "I love music, of course," she said. "I studied the piano and took singing lessons for years. I even took a fancy to the flute once, and I really studied that glamourized tin whistle until I thought I was getting somewhere with it. But I had to give it up because the neighbors just weren't musical."

She spends a good deal of her spare time explaining her job to laymen. "This month is an especially busy one," she said. "In addition to quite a number of talks I'm giving—one is to the Toronto Women's Press Club on May 21—I'm doing the promotion on the new works of Harry Somers and Dr. Healey Willan. Both these compositions will have their first performances within a month of each other. Dr. Willan's work is his Coronation Suite."

Still a Target

MOST OF the professional Chaplin-haters in the United States have maintained a pained silence since the great Charlie quietly gave up his permit for re-entry to that country. One gets the impression they have been deeply hurt by Chaplin's selfishness in robbing them of the grand chance for headline-grabbing his return would have given them.

They can still snipe at his work on film, however. A television station in Hollywood has been showing short movies that Chaplin made many years ago. After each showing, the station has received complaints from people who object to the movies because of Chaplin's "moral character" and "subversive tendencies." These are the people who lack the wit to decide whether a man's work is good or bad; they form their opinions from gossip about his character or from hearsay about his beliefs or ancestry. Where their critical opinion should be, there is only prejudice.

Guv'nors and Sirs

THE CATERERS' Association of Great Britain has decided that British waiters and waitresses will address their customers from now on as "sir" and "madam", instead of "ducks" or "guv'nor". The caterers know what they are doing, we suppose, but they may have been misled in this case by the craze for polite conformity. Those friendly places in Britain where the customers are ducks and guv'nors are havens of good cheer to travellers chilled by the impersonal courtesy of machine-tooled attendants. Fortunately, it takes more than an edict to destroy custom and habits of mind.

Restricted Publication

SOME OF the most puzzling pieces of editorial comment to appear in newspapers for many a month have been published during recent weeks by journals trying to defend the present policy governing radio and television broadcasting in Canada.

The confusion shown by the Toronto *Star* is easily understood. The *Star* tries an impossible task: after stating its belief that what the CBC is doing is what is wanted by "Canadians as a whole," it tries to reconcile this with the fact that where Canadians have a choice in TV, most of them turn to U.S. stations. There is such a choice in the Toronto area (by far the biggest and most concentrated audience in Canada) and between 75 and 80 per cent of the TV owners ignore the CBC's CBLT to watch Buffalo's WBEN.

What is more difficult to understand is the viewpoint of the Ottawa *Journal*. We shuddered when the *Journal* stated: "The private element . . . must not be permitted to acquire any inalienable right to use of the air channels and the air waves for their own purposes — there must be always the over-riding authority of the public interest . . . Today and always, in television as in radio, the public interest must be the governing factor." We shuddered, because the *Journal's* case against "the private element" could apply to newspapers just as much as to radio. And what a calamity government control of *all* publishing would be, broadcasting being just as much an act of publication as the production of a newspaper.

The function of a radio (or TV) station is to inform, entertain, and render public service — precisely the function of a newspaper. Why it should be assumed that "the private element" can be trusted to do these things in newspapers without government control, but cannot be trusted to do them in radio, we do not understand.

Does the danger lie in the commercial content of the radio programs? Private stations and newspapers draw their main revenue from the

The Front Page

same source, which is advertising — and the ratio of advertising to information and entertainment is greater in most newspapers than on the radio programs. Is it the limitation of air channels? It cannot be; there are 139 private stations in Canada, and 101 daily newspapers. Is it the use of some natural resource which should be controlled for the public good? The nation's forests provide the newsprint used by the newspapers to transmit their information and entertainment; radio uses the inexhaustible air.

The *Journal* is on dangerous ground. Fortunately, there are few newspapers willing to look with such approval on government control of an important means of transmitting ideas. It is agreed that technical control is needed, for the allotment of wave lengths and so on, but this is a matter entirely separate from program content.

The Ottawa *Citizen* talks in much the same vein as the *Journal*. It is convinced that private station operators would not give a "balanced diet" to the people who buy radio and TV sets if they were as free of government control as, say, newspaper publishers. "A balanced TV diet should draw on many sources for its ingredients," says the *Citizen*, "but it is only through national control that such a diet will be provided."

All this is pure snobbery, of course. The editorialists disregard the fact that a private station without listenership, like a newspaper without readership, cannot stay in business; they assume that most of the people who have radio and TV sets are too stupid to be trusted with their listening and watching without a great deal of supervision by a government-appointed intelligentsia.

If private broadcasters are as decent citizens as newspaper publishers (and we think they are), if listeners and watchers are as intelligent as readers (and we think they are), there is no reason why there should be more restrictions on broadcasting, apart from the technical matters we mentioned, than there are on newspaper publishing.

Western Strength

ONE OF the memorable sentences of this year was uttered by Dr. Hugh Llewellyn Keenleyside in an address to the joint conference of American Institute of Chemical Engineers and the Chemical Institute of Canada, who met in Toronto a couple of weeks ago. The sentence was this: "It must never be said of the United States or Canada that this was a land in which honest men feared to speak their minds."

Dr. Keenleyside, who is director of the UN technical assistance program, was on his favorite subject of the help western nations can give underprivileged countries. His point was that to help others, the West must be strong itself—not only strong militarily, but strong in its economic and social being.

"Let us accept no substitute for the due processes of law," he said. "Guilt by association, the technique of the smear, the practice of the big lie, must never become an admitted part of our life."

He has had plenty of opportunities to observe the manners of East and West since leaving the University of British Columbia with a couple of degrees (BA, BC) in 1920, when he was 22 years of age. He went on to Clark University in Massachusetts for his MA and PhD, then lectured on history in various universities until 1927, when he joined the Department of External Affairs. He stayed in the government service until 1950, when he headed the UN mission of technical assistance to Bolivia.

He thinks of technical assistance in terms of seeds, test tubes and slide rules. "It is better to build good farms and hospitals and factories than to bomb cities," he says—not a particularly fresh or subtle statement, but one which bears repetition from time to time.

It may seem odd to some people that a former historian now talks about scientific paraphernalia. But Dr. Keenleyside's experience has been varied—from First Secretary at the Canadian Legation in Tokyo (1929-36) to acting chairman of the Canada - U. S. Permanent Joint Defence Board (1940-45) and Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, and Commissioner of the Northwest Territories (1947).

An Artificial Growth

THE GOVERNMENT is ready to establish the Canada Council, Prime Minister St. Laurent has told the House of Commons. The Canada Council, you may remember, was recommended by the Massey Commission, to give leadership and advice in the development of Canadian culture. So it seems that one of these days some Very Cultured People will start injecting Culture into the Canadian bloodstream.

The people on the Council will have a delightful time, dabbling in the Arts and peeking at the Sciences. They may even manage to do some good, by helping a person with real ability from time to time. They will be the darlings of arty little groups made up mainly of frustrated matrons and men with little talent for work. But it can be said now, before they get started, that their contribution to Canadian culture will be negligible.

A culture grows out of the life of a people; out of its fields and factories, its schools and homes, its work and play; out of its ancestral memories, its present aspirations. It springs from a nation's character, and the nation must find its character before it realizes it has a culture it can call its own. We cannot sit down deliberately to create culture, any more than we can create life; all that we can do, in such a case, is to create an inbred little society which revolves about itself, constantly dazzled by its own polished brilliance, divorced from the earthy realities of the main community. But it is out of that rich communal earth that our culture will grow.

NFB

DR. HUGH L. KEENLEYSIDE: No substitute for law.

Newcomer to Cast

A NEWCOMER to this year's *Spring Thaw* cast is Marie-Hélène Chevrier, a diminutive songstress who has a way with a folk song. "At one time I hoped to be a really great singer," she told us. "My voice was high, a coloratura, a little light perhaps, but it was developing. My mind was set on opera. Then something happened, poof! like that. No longer am I a lyric soprano. The high notes are gone. Ah well, I saw my limitations and started singing the so-called semi-classical songs, popular songs, folk songs. I was in the Gatineau a while ago and found many fine French-Canadian folk songs."

Her accent is richly Gallic. She has lived in Toronto for 15 years, ever since her father, Mr. Justice E. R. E. Chevrier, was appointed to the Ontario Supreme Court, but speaks French at home. She pointed out to us that she is "Ontario French." "I was born in Ottawa," she said. "I sang at the Chateau Frontenac last year, in April, and that was the first time I ever was in Quebec City." We assured her that it would be a great pity if by some mischance she lost the accent.

What happened after her voice changed? "I got a job with the Theatre Under The Stars in Vancouver, singing in operettas there. That was four years ago. Then I studied in New York for a while. I came back, sang on the radio and two years ago I started singing with Moxie Whitney's band at the Royal York. I've been at the Chateau and Banff since then, and back to the Royal York."

The Silver Tongue

CLEVELAND detectives were hunting for a man named Edward Brown the other day. Mr. Brown was charged with non-support of his wife. They searched a house from attic to basement, and were about to leave when one of them noticed a bed that had a strange sag. There was no one in the bed, but hanging to the springs on the under-side was Mr. Brown. "I was just resting," he said. Anyone as plausible as Mr. Brown should have no difficulty handling such a matter as support, with or without springs. One wonders why he doesn't persuade his wife to support *him*.

Personal

WE HAVE been hearing a great deal during the last couple of years about the need for powerful military forces in Western Europe, to stop the Russians from expanding their Communist empire. Various generals have told us that many, many more soldiers, sailors and airmen are needed to give NATO's military organization the necessary strength. Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, in his article on Page 7, tells us that the need is not so much for men as for more dynamic military tactics.

His theory cannot be ignored. There is no military analyst with a better record for pertinent criticism. He was an early advocate of air power, and preached the technique of mechanized warfare from 1919 onward. After World War II, several German generals admitted they had taken their best ideas from Liddell Hart's writings. Guderian described him as "my first teacher in tank tactics and strategy," and von Manteuffel called him "the creator of modern tank strategy." The Germans seized on his theories much more avidly than did the military leaders of his own England — until the Germans had demonstrated their worth, that is.

In this issue, too, we publish the first Letter from Washington by Max Freedman. This outstanding Canadian journalist, who is now on the Washington staff of *The Manchester Guardian*, will write a monthly Letter from the U.S. capital for SATURDAY NIGHT, and also will contribute articles from time to time.

Letters

Under U.S. Control?

YOU REFER to Mr. Gromyko's definition of Canada as a boring second-violin in the United States orchestra, and find some satisfaction in his statement that he is bored.

No doubt his boredom may be a cause for Canadian gratification, but on the larger question of Canada's being a second violin in the U.S. orchestra, did Mr. Gromyko say anything more than the truth?

Is it not a fact that nearly everything Canadian from finance to football is steadily falling under United States control? Consider such concerns as the Aluminum Company of Canada, nearly all of whose top-ranking officials are Americans . . . or International Nickel, only eight of whose directors are Canadian . . . In a general way the same is true of the Ungava-Labrador iron ore development and of the Bethlehem Steel Company's operation near Marmora, Ont. Of course, if you want to see an extreme case, examine the oil business in Alberta, including the engineering and construction on the pipeline to the coast. The list could be continued indefinitely . . .

In national defence the U.S. controls two-thirds of the radar plane detection service in northern Canada . . .

I am not here discussing whether this situation is good or bad for us, but I submit that, today, Canada has less real independence than at any time since 1841.

The rather surprising feature about this surrender of our independence has been the complacent acquiescence of those Canadians who used to raise such vigorous objections to any British suggestion, however innocuous, concerning Canada. Remember how the British Commonwealth Air Training proposal of about 1938 was refused as not consistent with Canada's status as a sovereign nation?

Kingston, Ont. L. F. GRANT

More Republicans

AS A LIFELONG devotee of the Republican Way of Life I would like to come to the rescue of D. E. Livingston, whose excellent letter appeared in these columns some weeks ago.

At this time, when Monarchy is a great deal in the news, it might be wise to do a bit of soul searching. Where did Monarchy originate? In the dark days of the cavemen, the ablest man in the tribe or village was chosen to lead the others in the hunt, in battle and in council. The others obeyed him blindly and faithfully—his power was absolute. They rewarded him in turn with the best hut, the choicest food and the best raiment. Eventually they got around to setting a costly headdress of jewels on his head. Thus did Monarchy come into being . . .

I would like to nominate Mr. Varela's statement "Neither Canada nor the U.S.A. could breed a woman of the late Queen Mary's calibre" as the most ridiculous statement of the year. No one will question the late Queen's integrity, or her devotion to the Royal Office which was her life. However, the pioneer women of our continent, who pushed back the frontiers, braved Indian raids, ice, snow and countless other hardships to carve out of the wilderness the two magnificent nations that we see today, certainly need take a back seat to no one . . . We have here countless millions of educated, cultured, devoted and honest women of the highest calibre and breeding. To place them below the women of Europe is absolutely unspeakable.

Although we are not quite as vocal as our Royalist fellow-countrymen, we of the republican conviction are to be found in every city, town and village from the Atlantic to the Pacific . . .

Yorkton, Sask. JOHN WILLMS

IT WAS refreshing to read Raymond Varela's reply to D. E. Livingston's letter, and how right is his criticism of the commercialization of our sacred festivals. The adjective he uses for Mother's Day is an excellent one. It does not say much for the natural, decent instincts of a people if they really need a government proclamation to help them think of their mothers.

A puzzling thing in Mr. Livingston's letter is his complacency. He cannot have paid much attention to present-day history if he does not realize how dangerous it would be if this group of nations lacked a supreme head.

The Commonwealth can be likened to a wheel with the royal family as its hub—without the hub, the spokes would surely get in each other's way . . .

Halifax M. LEE

EVEN Canada's most enthusiastic royalists must be getting a bit bored with the yards of copy and film that are splashed across the nation's newspapers each day.

In this age of iron and steel, brick and stone, a sentimental binge is an excellent faucet to turn on—a bit of idealism to temper the stark reality of 20th century living. But, let's try and be Canadians for a while.

If we are to establish any sort of idiom in this country (the idiom known as Canadiana), then let's work at it by publicizing Canada . . .

Toronto JACK BUSBY

Challenge to Lower

AS AN OLD, I may even say a very old, teacher who, before his retirement from active academic work, had taught for 42 years in three Canadian universities, I applaud the attitude toward "high education" of Professor Lower, for whose judgment I have long had high respect.

But I do not agree with him in his feeling that he, and others like him, of whom there are a good many, are making a last-ditch and hopeless stand for the Humanities. I have seen the standard in Canadian universities rise year by year since I began to teach. I challenge Mr. Lower, or any other experienced teacher, to prove that the cultural standards today are not much higher than they were 40 years ago. I know they are. And so I say, "cheer up, my dear Lower, that last ditch of yours is pretty strong, and will hold for many a year after you and I are gone".

Lennoxville, Que. H. MITCHELL

Age Versus Youth

I AGREE with the tenor of your thought provoking editorial, "The Years Condemn" in SATURDAY NIGHT of May 9. In Chicago the age versus youth contest among employees is smoothed over by a novel retirement plan at the William Wrigley, Jr. Company. The firm's normal retirement age is 65—but if an employee elects to work longer he must take one month's unpaid leave of absence in his 66th year. The next year he must take two months' leave without pay. Each succeeding year an extra month off is required; the effect is to weaken the older employee's incentive to work beyond retirement age. But it also allows him to adjust to new interests and lower income while keeping his experience available to his employer for a longer period.

Hamilton, Ont. JAMES REGAN

Abundance and Work

THIS LETTER concerns certain statements which are repeatedly made by some of our best writers and speakers.

"We should share the abundance of the soil." There is no abundance of the soil. There is abundance from toil, which is quite another thing.

"We have machines capable of producing plenty for all." Machines are dead things and do not produce anything. They raise the value of hours of work.

"If we produced as much as we could there would be plenty for everybody." We do not produce to the very limit of what we can exchange for the products of the man-hours of value we have achieved in our civilization. Yet the world produces only enough to feed, clothe and house a small part of the world's people. The enormous remainder go periodically hungry, naked and homeless. This is not brought about by any conspiracy of evil men, nor by mythical "systems". It is because the remainder have not raised the value of their work to equal the value of the work which produces food, clothing and housing.

"All we need is a better system of distribution." We could certainly use some improvements in our methods of exchange of goods, but as a solution to the problem of poverty it is about as effective as sending food parcels. If you could make two blades of wheat grow with the labor that grew only one before, then you would be helping to feed the world's hungry millions. If you could cut in half the man-hours needed to make a ton of steel, you would do more for the world's standard of living than all the Socialists who ever preached, great as many of their works have been.

Toronto KEVIN R. FINEGAN

Peace Offensive

IT IS very obvious that something big is happening inside Russia . . . The logical explanation is that the men now at the head of the Soviet state are engaged in a struggle for power, that there is no unified direction, and that they are trying to curry favor with the Russian people.

It seems to me the time is ripe for the western nations to quit being sheep, and try being wolves for a change. With so much uncertainty behind the Iron Curtain, why cannot the West launch its own peace offensive? This could be done in many ways. For instance, the Red troops in occupied areas must be feeling the uncertainty. A strong propaganda program could be directed against them, to increase their doubts about their leadership; the propaganda could be spread by radio, by pamphlets and by agents of the sort that the Communists use so extensively in the West . . . Every effort should be made to reach the Russian people themselves by the same means . . .

Winnipeg JOHN KRAKAUSKAS

Irony and Education

AS A reader and admirer of, and subscriber to, your magazine for many years, please permit a few comments particularly applicable to your issue of April 18.

Page 5: I agree with your correspondents who castigate D. E. Livingston, but I fear the irony of Edward Ross will be lost on many readers, even thinking ones. People today understand only forthright statements.

Page 9: It would be interesting to know if Editor Garner is prepared to defend the deplorable educational conditions that have made him, at age 40, ready to admit that he has no appreciation of great poetry.

Montreal FRED J. MACNAMARA

Editor Garner says he cannot blame the educational system, only his own deplorable lack of poetic appreciation. —The Editor.

Reassurance

I AM glad to be able to reassure Gilbert Harding about his antecedents. He is fortunate enough to have Jewish blood in his veins. My family is related to his on the distaff side. His great-great-grandmother was a Simon, to whom the present Lord Simon is also related.

Forest Hill Village, Ont. LEON SIMON

Concealed Hatred

STRICTURES against "race prejudice" are sometimes prompted by a bitter and rancorous (but well concealed) hatred of the British.

Vancouver DAVID MACDONALD

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NATO's Army Needs Dynamic Tactics

By B. H. LIDDELL HART

FOR EFFECTIVE defence, the organization and tactics of the NATO armies need to be given not only a common shape but a newer shape. Tactics and tactical organization still follow too closely their 1944-5 pattern.

The Allies' success in the final year of the war has led to undue satisfaction with the methods then practised, and until recently there was little change in or re-examination of them. That was the more perilous because the methods were evolved under conditions where the Allies were sure of an overwhelming superiority in air cover, whereas they would now have to meet heavy adverse odds on the ground multiplied by still heavier adverse odds in the air. Their methods took too little account of the difficulties of operating under constant menace from the enemy's superior air force. It would be folly to expect that troops would move in anything like as large bodies or use the roads in the same way as in 1944-5.

The war clouds that hang over Europe have, however, a "silver lining." Examination of German experience in 1944-5 is far more encouraging, for the members of NATO, than is apparent from the surface of events—and all the more so because the ground and air odds against the Germans at that time were much worse than the NATO forces now face. These have a better chance of successful resistance than is recognized—*if* the tactics of mobile defence, by delaying action combined with riposte, are properly understood and applied.

Analysis of the German operations shows that the Allied attacks rarely succeeded except with over five to one superiority on the ground, plus air supremacy. Allied attacks often failed—as in Operation Bluecoat, our attempt to break out of Caumont at the end of July, 1944—with odds of ten to one in their favor.

What was the successful defence mechanism? If one analyzes the operations, one finds it was a blend of static defence with dynamic defence by dispersed battle-groups—making sharp "finger-thrusts." These repeatedly checked the Allied columns and brought them gradually to a halt, not usually on any pre-chosen line. (We still talk about fighting the "main battle" on some river line. The "main battle," it seems to me, is an out-of-date concept.) By contrast with the effect of the multiple finger-thrusts, the German attempts at concentrated counter-attack failed repeatedly, and almost invariably, under Allied air and artillery action.

On the Eastern Front the Russian attacks had still higher ground odds, though less air strength. There, again, the attacks were repeatedly held up unless they had ample space for outflanking the defence. Another thing one finds from this analysis is that the German defence was most effective whenever it could throw the Russians out of their stride—and was least effective whenever the Russians were able to mount a *deliberate* attack, particularly an attack on a river line. One finds, too, that a Panzer division, even a weak Panzer division, often successfully covered a twenty-mile front against heavy odds for weeks on end, giving remarkably little ground.

Such analysis suggests that prolonged resistance can be produced, even with the present numbers in the North Atlantic forces, provided new tactics and strategy are developed. What should be the pattern of these new tactics?

In 1940 the West was overrun, and the course of history changed, by the German armored forces, applying a new blitzkrieg technique of swiftly manoeuvring concentration exploited by deep strategic penetration. Guderian, the creator and leader of these "Panzer troops," has generously stated in his memoirs that their organization and technique were inspired by my theories and writings of the 1920's. But in the 1930's I came to see how this revolutionary technique could be countered by a new defensive one. Unfortunately, it proved difficult to induce the French and British General Staffs either to recognize the power of the new offensive technique or to develop the counter-technique.

Brilliant as was the performance of the German Panzer forces in 1940, and tremendous as were its results, they were only made possible by the Allies' incompetence and their weakness in the air. In particular the *concentrated* action of armored divisions was *potentially* out of date by the time it was so successfully put into practice. It is now definitely out of date. There is fatal folly in dreaming that armored divisions can operate in mass and deliver concentrated punches under an enemy-dominated sky.

We need to grasp the principle of "fluidity of force" in contrast to the old and obvious interpretation of "concentration"—and to develop a new technique of *controlled dispersion*. The embryo was contained in German practice during the later years of the war. Indeed, it had been conceived in Britain before the war and practised by the pioneer tank brigade under Hobart in the trial exercises of 1934.

ON THE Russian front in 1944-5 the Germans often achieved an amazingly prolonged resistance, against much superior numbers, with armored divisions that were flexibly spread in small combat groups on a wide frontage—twenty miles or more per division. The composition of such groups was usually a battalion of tanks, a battalion of mechanized infantry, and an equivalent artillery unit of self-propelled guns. The units were nearly always below strength.

On the Western Front, too, remarkable delaying and defensive power was produced by similar groups—which, in many cases, were even smaller. Often they were composed of a tank company, a mechanized infantry company, and a battery or two. The tiny scale of such groups was dictated not only by the scanty strength available to cover the large front but by the better chance they had of evading the ubiquitous and overwhelmingly strong Allied air forces—and by their greater ability to penetrate between the Allied columns and deliver a quick counter-thrust at the most effective moment.

To distribute an armored division in such a flexible chain of small groups, each of them completely mobile, is essentially different from distributing armor piecemeal to support ordinary infantry—and free from the drawbacks of that practice.

The present overlarge armored division would become a more "operable" hand if divided into four fingers, capable of operating separately and practised in doing so. They could at any moment be brought together, to make a concentrated punch, if opportunity arises and air conditions permit.

Controlled dispersion is basically different from distribution piecemeal. Little groups thus directed can have multiple effect while not offering concentrated targets to the air. A swarm of bees do not concentrate—they attack you from all directions simultaneously. That is "multiple effect"—and should be our guiding idea in applying tactics of controlled dispersion. That kind of multiple envelopment was seen even in Napoleon's campaigns. It was only in his later years that he concentrated before a battle. Earlier he used to keep his numerous small columns coming in from all directions, and they hit the enemy from all directions, each reacting on the other.

The aim of the new tactics must be to *paralyze* the enemy's action. The slogan of "destroying him" in battle leads to self-exposure, self-pinning, and the risk of being smashed. Do-

National Defence

TROOPS of Canada's 27th Infantry Brigade undergoing rigorous training in Germany . . . "tactics and organization still follow too closely the 1944-45 pattern."

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minating areas is going to count more than capturing or maintaining positions. We want a new principle of "offensive fluidity of force"—to operate like the sea or like a swarm of bees, not like a battering ram. Even in 1940 the decisiveness of the Panzer thrusts of Guderian lay in producing paralysis after penetration, not in producing destruction of the enemy's forces in battle. It really eliminated battle. In Africa Rommel applied such new methods offensively *and* defensively. So did Manteuffel and others on the Eastern Front.

More consideration, too, should be given to what I would call "preparatory tactics and strategy." One lesson of the war that emerges clearly is the Russians' susceptibility to the unexpected and to penetrating ripostes. Now our basic advantage in Europe today lies in the fact that we are occupying the ground already. That enables us to reconnoitre routes beforehand for counter-thrusts so that they can be made almost entirely across country. We can also go farther than reconnoitre routes. We can prepare those routes, having thought out our moves. We can clear gaps in obstacles so as to make cross-country movement more possible. We can place supplies beforehand in concealed dumps so that the counter-attack forces can move with a minimum of transport. The defender, too, has a potential advantage over the attacker in way of preparation for moving across rivers without being "canalized" by the usual bridge limitations. Counter-manoeuvre, properly thought out, has numerous advantages over an invader.

In sum, Western defence doctrine and technique may become more effective in becoming more dynamic. There has been an undue tendency to rely on holding river lines and to feel that nothing more than a short delay can be achieved or attempted on the far side of the Rhine. I think that there is a better chance of stopping the Russians than is generally believed if new tactics are developed, with the training to match. It is a practical possibility, too, and perhaps the only one, in the interim period before the German divisions are ready or new weapons, such as the tactical atomic bomb, come to increase the present dim chances of definitely checking a Russian invasion.

•

In Tribute

When I in wild defiance fled
From cane and pedagogue,
Sharp arrowtips of hate
Besieged my unrepentant mind,
Not yet exposed to wilful fate
But hatching stern revenge
Upon the gray-faced arbiters
Of my impatient youth.

Infighting all the way,
The sworn enemy of all
Who battered at the holy gates
That guard the citadel of self,
I met head-on the age-old wall
That patiently awaits through time
The rebel and unheeding young
Who seek elusive truth.

Time had not then disclosed
The discipline of years,
Nor had my dream been caught
Within the dragonteeth of fears.
Ardor fades and anger dies
And questions snare the mind
With bitter and recurring doubts
The ancient young had fought.

I had expected much,
I had foreseen too little,
The fragile and rebellious self
Has crumbled like a brittle
Plant that struggles on its own
In bare unnourished stone—
Come back, old graying guides,
That I, in tribute, may atone.

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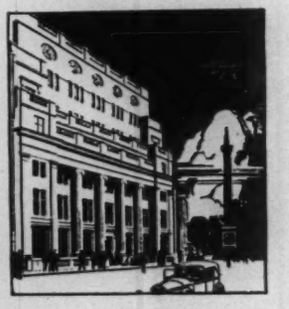

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Current Account

Adventure in Israel

I REMEMBER a little girl I met in Israel. It was at Nahariya, a coastal village near the northern frontier. I was driving down the street in one of the new immigrant camps—the Ma'abarot, they are called. On either side, I passed rows and rows of shiny tin huts, glinting fiercely in the bright sunlight. Out of the doorways looked dusky, grizzled faces, some bearded like the prophets of old, some in colored turbans.

There was a lot of clucking and scurrying about as mothers gathered their children out of the way. But in the centre of the road a little girl, about six years old, with a solemn face and bare feet, stood obdurately. I stopped the car and got out. She looked up at me with her dark, slanted eyes, and smiled. "Shalom," she said.

This word of greeting was, perhaps, the only word of Hebrew that she knew. She did not know what to make of the stranger who wore shoes, and trousers and a shirt, and she had probably never seen a car before. For this, I found, was a settlement of newly arrived immigrants from the Yemen in the extreme southwest corner of Arabia—one of the tribes of Israel that had returned to the fold.

I decided to stay awhile, and heard from the lips of many a tribal chief the story of how the summons had come, how he had led his people hundreds of miles across the burning desert to Aden, how they had been picked up there by a fleet of planes and brought to Israel. For these Yemenites are the descendants of those Jews who disregarded the first summons of Solomon to come and build the Temple. Today, 3,000 years later, they have answered the call.

The story of the Yemenite Jews is only one thread in the still greater story of The Dispersal and The Return. Everywhere in Israel today there are maps to be seen which trace the wanderings of this scattered people. The red lines show their wanderings in Africa and Spain, in Eastern Europe and Russia, in Asia as far as India and Japan. The blue lines show The Return from all ends of the earth.

Never, surely, was such a heterogeneous people moved by such a common purpose. To the stranger, they appear anything but united. In this one camp at Nahariya I talked to Jews from England, Iraq, Poland, Bulgaria, as well as the Yemen. They all looked, behaved and talked like the people of those varied lands. There were tall, fair-haired Jews with Scottish accents, swarthy, dark-haired Jews indistinguishable from the Arabs themselves, Slavic Jews with high cheekbones and flat noses, talking any of the languages of Eastern Europe.

Most of them could not understand one another—few knew even a word of Hebrew, yet all told me the same story: one night, they heard the Call, they sold up their belongings, they set out on the roads, they turned their faces toward Zion. Why, I asked again and again. Were they persecuted? Mistreated? Afraid? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. Then I hit on the right track. Once again I asked, "Why did you leave home?" "But home," they said, "is here."

My adventures in Israel, however, began some time before this, when I landed by air at Lydda Airport. From here it was but a ten-mile drive to Tel Aviv. Alone, in a new country, I hardly knew what to expect. I found a city of paradox. At first sight, these streets of modern shops gave the appearance of Western culture and prosperity — something like Miami Beach, Florida. On closer acquaintance, I found there was little to buy and the prices were fantastic. Butcher shops had had no meat in four months, eggs were rationed to one a week, milk, 25 per cent powdered, was only obtainable for children and expectant mothers.

As a visitor, I was issued with a "letter of credit" entitling me to special privileges—one egg for breakfast and meat once a day. I could also buy Israel-made chocolate, which is very good, but completely unobtainable for local people. Apart from this, my diet in Israel usually consisted of fish cakes for breakfast, fish cakes for lunch and fish cakes for supper.

But even my "letter of credit" could not buy me a fare from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Transportation in Israel appears to be the greatest scarcity of all. Traffic is mostly by road and by hired car. A fare from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, a distance of some 40 miles, costs as much as $50 each way.

IN TEL AVIV, I discussed the problem of Israel's austerity (and incidently my own problems) with Dov Joseph, Minister of Food, Commerce and Industry. Mr. Joseph, a young, alert man, greeted me with a Canadian accent. In fact, I discovered, he came from Ottawa. He is completely realistic about his country's problems. He began by telling me the story of the stewardess on an Israeli airlines plane whom he heard address the passengers as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, please tighten your belts, we are approaching Israel." Mr. Joseph suggested to her that she should say "seat belts" instead. But he ruefully admits the truth of the remark.

Israel, he said, is probably the most rationed country in the world. This is due to several factors. One is the steady influx of immigrants, which has doubled the population of the country in four years to more than two million. Another factor is the political situation. Israel is hemmed in on all sides by hostile Arab states, which are unwilling even to concede its existence. No trade of any kind

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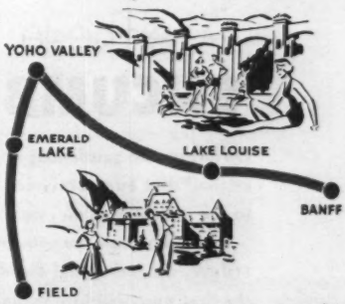

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exists overland. All imports, including much of its food, must come from overseas.

The Minister is confident that, in time, perhaps in five or six years, Israel can provide for all its needs. At the moment, however, the greatest need is to establish parallel trade relations with dollar countries.

We passed by the hills of Judea and Samaria and Gilboa and came out at last on the great Plain of Esdraelon, the scene of the original Armageddon. We stopped for lunch at Nazareth and ate bread pancakes and drank Arak, in a little Arab shop.

Nazareth is now purely an Arab town. It is also the centre of the Communist Party in Israel, which is the only legal resistance movement to which the Arab minority can belong. In fact, Nazareth boasts the largest Communist vote in free elections registered anywhere in the world: 48 per cent.

It was evening when we reached Galilee, where I saw fishermen sitting by the shore mending their nets as they have done since the days when Peter fished. We turned in for the night at a Kibbutz, or pioneer settlement, at Kfar Hasani, on the Syrian frontier, overlooking the Jordan.

In the communal dining hall, I sat down to dinner (fish cakes and lettuce, no vegetables, fruit or dessert) along with about 300 others. The first thing that struck me about these young people (average age: 30) was the accent. The fact that they all spoke English did not surprise me, although perhaps it should have. What bowled me over was the accent: Cockney, Scots, Lancashire and Oxford!

After dinner I met many members of the Kibbutz who told me their story. There was Michael Cohan, for instance. Michael was secretary of the Kibbutz. Before coming to Israel, he and a group of other Jews founded an experimental community in the south of England. They pooled all their resources and bought a farm. None of them had any experience farming before. What profit they made they turned back into the community to buy tools and other equipment. Then when they had gained enough experience and saved enough money, they moved to Israel.

Their new homeland was much tougher than England had been. They could barely grow enough to feed themselves, let alone buy equipment. And they needed so many things: tractors, bulldozers, fertilizer. Yet in three years they had turned this desert into a prosperous market garden. There were neat rows of bungalows, each housing two families. There were hen houses, and a dairy farm and even a small factory turning out tools.

But still the same rigorous rule applied: everything for the community, nothing for the individual. In the Kibbutz there is no private property, Michael told me, except for a fountain pen, perhaps. Even the clothing is communally owned—though once a person is issued with a garment he keeps it himself. At first, whenever the washing went to the communal laundry, a person did not get back even his own underwear, just his size!

At this point in our discussion, Michael interjected a word of caution. "When you are talking about our way of life," he said, "you musn't call it a Socialist existence. Socialism is political and there is nothing political about our life here. It is important to distinguish *politics* from *living*."

In order to see the ultimate madness of the age, it is necessary to go to Jerusalem. When the fighting in the war between the Arabs and Jews stopped in 1948, the Jews held a line in the city of Jerusalem roughly dividing the city in two halves. The Jews occupied the New City with most of the modern streets and buildings. The Arabs held the Old City crouching behind its ancient battlements. And that's roughly the way the situation is today.

We drove along the only approach to the city, which lies in a narrow corridor, along a secondary road, since the main road is partly in Arab hands. The life of the city itself is truncated in two parts; each side has its own light, heat and power, its own water supply and drains, its own telephone communication.

At the end of many streets, I came upon rolls of rusty barbed wire, between partly demolished buildings. This marks the frontier between the Israeli forces and the Arabs. The lives of many people have been truncated, too. Near Jaffa Gate, I met a shopkeeper by the name of Mandelbaum, whose house lay in the no-man's-land between both sides. Today the house is frequently used as neutral territory where the UN Armistice Commission goes through to settle border disputes and it has become famed as the "Mandelbaum Gate". But, as Mr. Mandelbaum said to me: "I don't want to be famous, I just want my house!"

I was taken to the battered Church of Notre Dame, formerly a Franciscan Hospice, captured by Israeli forces in the bitter fighting of 1948, then shelled by the Arabs. Today it stands as a beleaguered outpost along the barricades that divide Jerusalem. To reach it, I was led by Israeli soldiers through a series of tunnels under no-man's-land, then up four tall ladders onto the roof of the ruined tower.

From here I had a fine view dominating the Old City. The Israeli forces use this as an observation post, connected by military telephone from the roof to Defence Headquarters in the rear. The various features of the landscape were pointed out to me, though it was not possible even to point a hand at anything for fear the Arabs in their outposts a dozen yards away should think we had raised a weapon!

Before us lay the whole panorama of the Gospel story; directly in front and about a mile away rose the Mount of Olives, a stark hill of bare stony ground relieved only by the gentle green of the olive trees . . . at the base of the hill, the little walled garden of Gethsemane . . . away to the right, the distant towers of Bethlehem . . . and faintly on the wind, which knows no barricades, the bells of the Church of the Nativity. Yet all this world before me, with its stirring, palpitating life, might have been as far away as the moon. LARRY HENDERSON

Letter from Washington

Compromise On Capitol Hill

IT HAS BEEN a confused month. The lights have flickered more brightly than usual, the shadows have grown more ominous. Let me tell you about it.

You will hear many people say that President Eisenhower has dwindled into a dim figure in the White House. I don't believe it. He is still the biggest thing in this town, apart from the Washington Monument.

His mastery of his press conferences has impressed everyone. Lacking the detailed knowledge which belonged to President Truman—that will come with time—he has been friendly, sincere, and eager to give the public as much information as he can.

His laurelled greatness is still the Republican party's supreme asset, and if he chooses to abide his hour before striking his critics in Congress, he probably knows what he is doing. No one can honestly say of him that he is willing to wound but is afraid to strike. He has decided to talk softly to Congress, to pick no quarrel with any rebel in his own party, and to give the members of Congress the feeling that they have a share in shaping national policy. If there is an angry breach, it will be caused by his critics; and he will be able to assert his power all the more efficiently because the country will know he has done his utmost to cooperate.

That's one view; but there are others. I've been told by a close friend of Adlai Stevenson, whose mind is edged with greatness even in defeat, that the Democratic leader is worried about Mr. Eisenhower's knowledge of the Presidential system. He's afraid that President Eisenhower, with his love of compromise, will mediate between Congress and the Executive instead of asserting the leadership that belongs to the White House. The sting of events will force the President to adopt a more rigorous role; but by that time the nation will have drifted into sombre problems. Mr. Stevenson never indulges in the mutterings of a defeated candidate. His warning, coming as it does from a candid and compassionate judge, deserves respect.

What's the record up to now? The President and Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, had to bury their resolution on the Yalta agreement. They had to accept a stained endorsation of Mr. Bohlen as the President's Ambassador to Russia; eleven Republican Senators voted against the White House on that issue. Mr. Dulles, under pressure, allowed Senator Taft and Senator Wiley to see files in the State Department which Mr. Acheson had always denied any member of Congress the right to examine. Most serious of all, President Eisenhower in effect disavowed the stand taken by one of his Cabinet Ministers, Harold Stassen, rather than clash openly with Senator McCarthy on the issue of Greek-owned ships trading with Communist China. And 64 Senators, led by Republican John Bricker of Ohio, continued their campaign for an amendment to the United States Constitution to limit the President's right to make treaties and executive agreements.

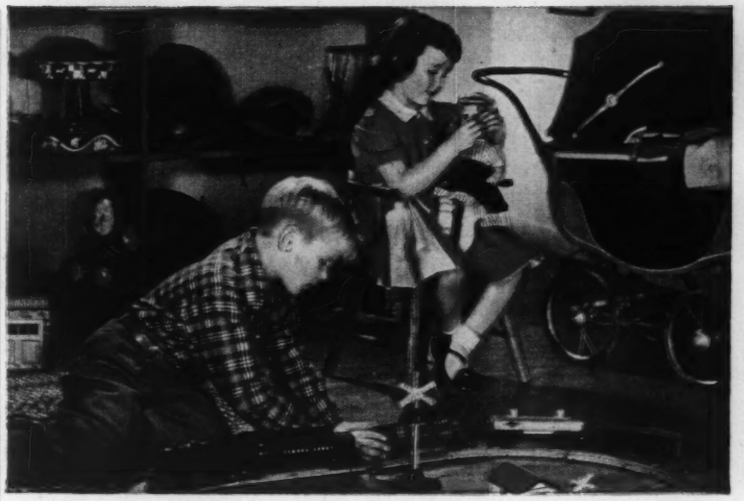
That's a pretty discouraging list, and other items could be added to it. But look at the other side of the picture for a moment. Many Republican Senators went through the election campaign last fall shaking the bones of the Yalta agreement and denouncing this document as an act of treason against the Republic. Well, the Republicans won the election; and what was the first thing the Senate was asked to do?

The White House and the State Department joined in asking the Senate to agree that the worst thing about the Yalta agreement was Russia's failure to keep it—the very words the Democrats have been using for years. No wonder some Republican Senators objected. And what was the next thing? The Senate was asked to confirm Mr. Bohlen, who had been at Yalta as a translator and adviser to President Roosevelt. Once again Republican anger rolled over Washington. Can one really place all the blame on the rebellious Senators? Is not part of the trouble due to the clumsy way in which the Administration handled both these issues?

ONE casualty of the Bohlen affair is the reputation of Senator Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. When the debate became fierce, Senator Wiley quietly vacated the field and left matters in the resolute hands of Senator Taft. No one can imagine Senator Tom Connally, his predecessor as committee chairman, thus consenting to the erosion of his authority. The collapse of Senator Wiley as a major force in Congress was inevitable; but it came sooner than expected.

As for Senator Taft, his stature has not been diminished by his defeat at the Chicago convention last year and by his lack-lustre role in the campaign itself. His dominance in Congress is, if anything, greater than it was in the past, when his power sprawled across Washington, a hobgoblin for some, a herald of hope for others. Since becoming the Republican floor leader in the Senate, he has shown a supple dexterity in debate and a mastery of public affairs that make him an invaluable ally of President Eisenhower. His temper, however, is capricious; and he yet may be swept by a gust of eccentric judgment into sudden opposition to the White House on an issue like Formosa or Taft-Hartley. For the moment, though, the verdict must go heavily in his favor.

What about Mr. Dulles? There the verdict must be more qualified. It is very easy, even in the State Depart-



How "young" will they be at 65?

YOUNG PEOPLE today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over a million Canadians who are past 65. Within 20 years it is estimated that there will be over a million and a half.

Most of these people can look forward to being healthier, happier, "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This has been made possible chiefly by medical advances. Most communicable diseases of childhood, for example, have been substantially controlled by immunization.

In addition, new drugs, improved surgical techniques, and better methods of diagnosis and treatment have ushered in a new era of health for people of all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be *endured;* that it can actually be *enjoyed*. This depends largely, however, on what you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the *quantity* of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals for body upkeep and repair remains unchanged.

Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against *overweight* which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic health examination as often as he recommends it. Through early diagnosis of troubles just starting, he may not only bring you relief, but add years to your life.

By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an *individual* . . . what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

The doctor can also advise you about your daily habits — such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing *moderation* in all activities. With his advice, you may find yourself with renewed mental and physical energy for certain activities that you may have given up because you felt "too tired" or "too old".

Enjoyment in later years — especially those spent in retirement — also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

Medical science has given us the means to prolong our lives. It is up to us to make use of up-to-date medical knowledge. At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it, just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life. By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.

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ment, to collect critical opinions about him. Some of his speeches in the campaign, when he attacked policies with which he had been identified, left a squalid legacy that cannot quickly be erased. His knowledge of foreign affairs is detailed and impressive; yet he gives one the impression of hesitancy, of fumbling, almost of timid experiment. He treats Congress with a deference that Mr. Acheson would certainly regard as servility; but if this compliance with the moods of Congress will save him from Mr. Acheson's fate, then this course will be regarded less as a sign of weakness than as a tribute to his sagacity.

He has learned the danger of diplomacy by deadlines and diplomacy by bluster. There is small chance of any repetition of those ill-phrased and ill-timed speeches which sent a quick stir of fear through many Foreign Offices when he first became Secretary of State. He can never twinkle with gaiety, nor make the problems of diplomacy sound like back-chat across a neighbor's fence, and he is much too solemn to be wise. But he yet may be a sturdy, though dull, guardian of America's interests and a creative sentinel of the free world.

The new star in Washington is George Humphrey, the Secretary of the Treasury. On all sides one hears tributes to him. While John Snyder was Secretary, the Treasury moved with pallid caution, and leadership even on economic matters went to the State Department under Mr. Acheson. That balance will now be redressed. There is a vast fund of experience in the Treasury which should now be used with courage and vision in charting the nation's economic life.

Never in the past 20 years has the Government engaged in so many study projects. The Eisenhower Administration is learning that the tasks of government are more complex than appeared to the careless critic on the hustings. Moreover, it also knows—and it deserves much credit for this decision—that the national interest would be injured by an abrupt change in many of Mr. Truman's policies. This recognition applies with particular force to foreign policy. The Republicans are still seeking time, however, before they can begin to apply their own policies to mould the drift of world events. It is not too far from the mark to say that the Republicans have developed a sense of continuity without having developed a sense of direction.

The most significant contrasts exist between this city's response to the visit of Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, and to the peace overtures sounded by Russia since Malenkov became heir to Stalin's legacy. Dr. Adenauer embodies the proud traditions of German scholarship; he reserved time to visit the National Gallery and to receive an honorary degree from Georgetown University; his cultural and religious associations with Western civilization are profound. Malenkov is a child of the Russian Revolution; his ways are strange; and even beneath the soft words of peace one senses the harsh dialectic of force. A few years ago Germany was the enemy and Russia the friend. Now the roles are reversed. Everywhere Dr. Adenauer was greeted as one of the supreme statesmen of our time and men joined in the hope that his ideals and principles would take root in Germany and lead her to use her strength for the victories of peace.

For Malenkov's Russia, anxiety tempered by faint hope; for Adenauer's Germany, friendship expressing itself in active help. Washington's moods are mercurial but there can be little doubt that at the moment they turn on these diverse emotions.

MAX FREEDMAN

•

Dr. Gildea termed sex hormones the most commonly over-exploited ones. An example, he said, is using hormones to treat fat boys or girls, when fatness really is due to over-eating, not to gland failures. "Importance in the male is a fabulously mistreated disorder," he said. —*Toronto Globe and Mail.*

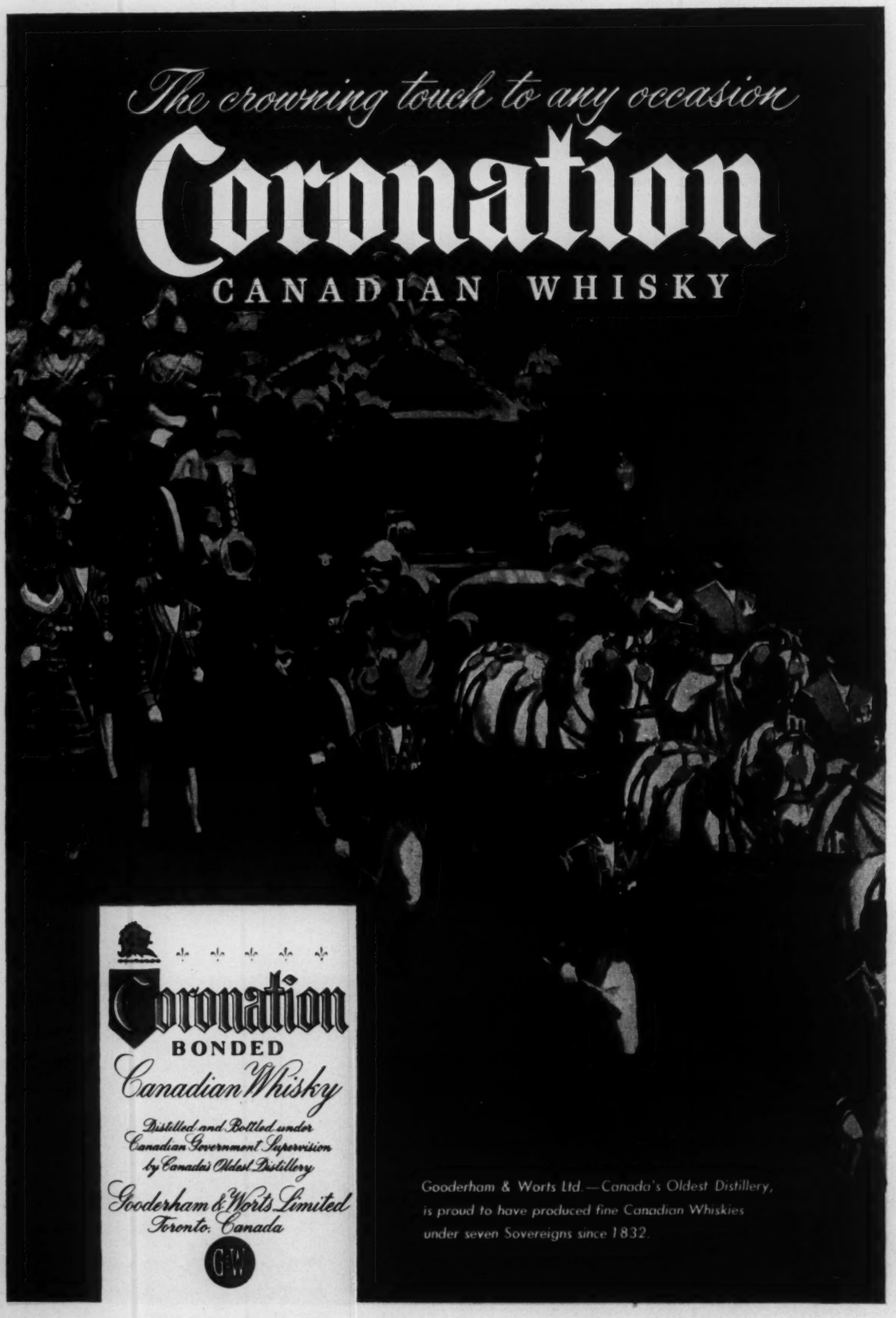
Would yoghurt and cold baths help?

•

Ottawa, (CP)—Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery gave this answer to a question at a press conference here:

"That's an embarrassing question. I don't wan to embarras any one but, as you know, I ambarrass people all the time."—*Toronto Star.*

Including proofreaders.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The Butchered Muse

EDITOR, SATURDAY NIGHT:

Hugh Garner has told us, in an article in SATURDAY NIGHT, that his library contains one book of poetry—a seldom-referred-to volume which was thrust upon him at school. That he kept it is extraordinary. Most of his contemporaries tossed their copies into the waste-can half a block from the school-house. Both means of disposal were inadequate. The books ought to have been thrown at the heads of those who so butchered the muse in the name of education.

Children start to school with a delight in rhyme, rhythm and the melody of words. Fittingly nourished, this delight will blossom into genuine and abiding love of poetry. But when our schools had done with poetry as a subject, it had become for all but the most intractable a pursuit fit only for a precious few.

What happened? Poetry shared the fate of the buttercups in the botany lab. The buttercups, you remember, stood upright and munificent, roots and all, in a great glass beaker on the master's desk, bestowing upon all and sundry the sunshine of the meadows. It was their last will and testament.

One by one the master doled them out to us. Bit by bit we took them apart. Laboriously we identified the corolla, counted the petals, the sepals, the stamens. We found the pistil and ripped open the ovary—monocotyledonous? dicotyledonous? We stripped off the leaves—ovate? lanceolate? involute vernation?

Then in "Spotton" we worked our way through Phanerograms, Angiosperms and Polypetalous to Ranunculaceae, where we considered whether the remains showed penduncles furrowed or unfurrowed. At the end of this mayhem, we came to the conclusion that the debris before us had, undoubtedly, been a buttercup, to wit Ranunculus acris. If "they" would put the buttercup on the examination we could dish out the whole shebang and be done with botany.

A buttercup it had been, and we had proved it. But now the "little children's dower" was a mess on a desk, fit only for the compost heap.

That's what happened to our poetry. No poem or poet, major or minor, escaped the post mortem. "Express in your own words what the poet meant by 'Ever let the Fancy roam.'" "What is another word for 'soar'?" "Find an example of onomatopoeia, of alliteration, of personification." "Quote a metaphor, a simile." "Why does the poet call the hyacinth 'the sapphire queen of mid-May'?"

Who cared by that time? All that was left was a mess of words—to be memorized, of course, and regurgitated on the examination paper, WITH PUNCTUATION:

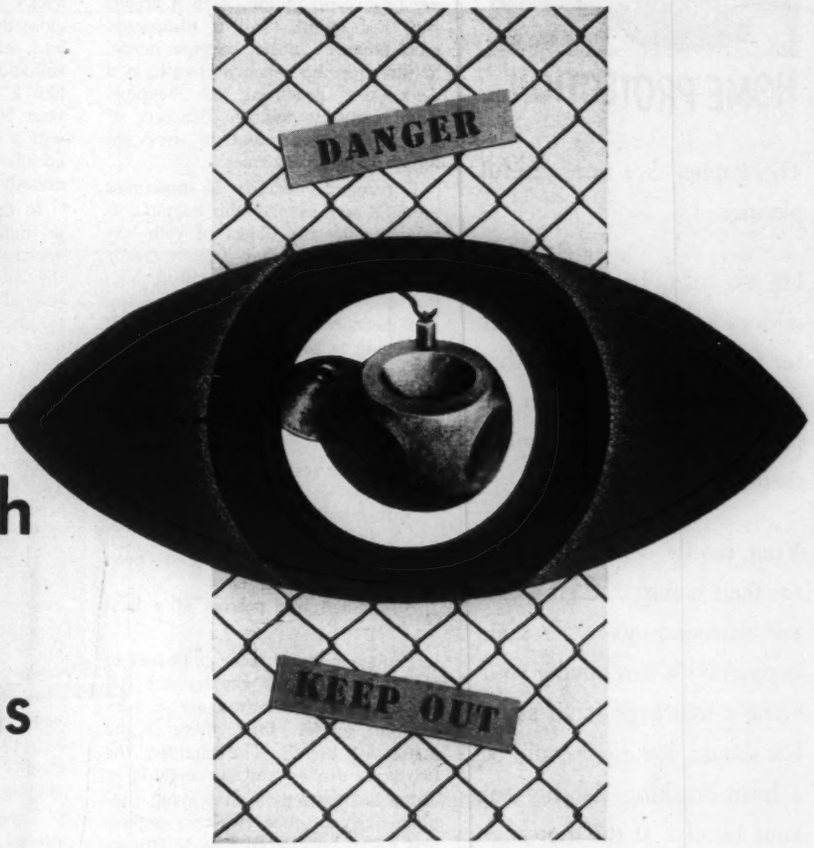
Ever let the Fancy roam semi-colon
Pleasure never is at home colon
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
comma
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth
semi-colon
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her colon
Open wide the mind's cage-door
comma
She'll dart forth comma and cloud-ward soar period
Poor Keats ! A thing of beauty is a joy forever?

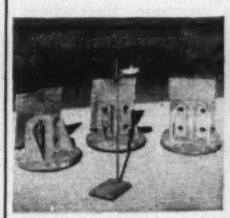
T. W. MARTIN

Whatever the outcome of its London preem, this play will establish one thing —the sure hold that Yolande Donlan has upon West End audiences. The role of a dumb blonde engaged because of her Hollywood musical reputation to star in a London stage production when she can neither sing nor dance is a natural for this gay, scintillating artist.—*Variety*.

Oh, come now, she must be able to do something.

this atomic eye sees---- through iron curtains





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Music

The Skirl of The Pipes

LAST WEEK I found my practice chanter at the bottom of a cupboard. I governed the ventages with my finger and thumb, gave it breath with my mouth, and it discoursed most eloquent music; bagpipe music, in fact, for the practice chanter is a device for practising the bagpipe. This is not to assuage the ears of the neighborhood, but to save the breath of the performer.

I recognize that it is sometimes thought odd to play the bagpipe. It is frequently the object of vain levity: the ill-wind that nobody blows good (sharing this reputation with the oboe); it is played walking up and down because it is harder to hit a moving target and so forth. I cannot say that it is a sweet or noble instrument, but it is certainly a stirring one, full of character, and some of us like it.

As for the rest of you, the poet has said:

> Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
> Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
> And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper.

Though I found some remnants of ability to finger the chanter, the full set of pipes themselves are a very different matter. First, there is the matter of breath. The chanter, the two small drones, and the single large drone are equivalent to playing simultaneously an oboe, two cors anglais, and a bassoon. Faced with this problem, the lips give way before the lungs. True, the mouthpiece is a plain tube; there are no delicate adjustments to make. All that is needed is to provide an air-tight seal. But this is what is so difficult. After half a minute without practice, the lips begin to leak, and the music dies out amid fiendish groans of its own devising, and terrible salvoes of *coups de Bronx*, discharged around the periphery of the mouthpiece. In olden times, this must have been even more of a problem than it is now, for the ancient bagpipers used to wear a leather strap across their face to help hold their lips together against the fearful pressure.

The squeezing of the bag does not add to this pressure; you blow and squeeze alternately. The bag is a reserve to allow you to snatch a breath. But it does give rise to a special disaster of its own. At the bottom of the mouthpiece, where it joins on to the bag, there is a small flap of leather, a valve. It opens when you blow, and closes when you squeeze. That is, providing it is working. If your pipes have been lying in their box for some time, the leather will have dried out and it will not be working. Then, the first time you squeeze on the bag, all the air you have laboriously forced into it, will be briskly returned to you, suitably flavored with the atrocious sticky compounds with which you close the seams and pores of the bag and make it air-tight. This vast insufflation of rancid air blows you up like a wineskin until the toecaps of your boots fly off. It is like gargling with a grease gun. This can be guarded against by checking the valve, but nobody ever remembers this.

In the olden days, men were braver than they are now. They used no valve whatsoever. Instead they closed the mouthpiece with the tip of the tongue, and thus perilously escaped the dreadful consequences of the feedback.

All wind instrument players, of course, grow old and eccentric as a result of having to torment their reeds. A bagpipe has four reeds: the three drone reeds like split pencils, and the chanter reed like a bassoon reed of monstrous strength and rigidity.

Nor is this all. The difficulties involved in arranging melodies on the chanter are very great. The scale is not quite the normal scale. It is peculiar to the bagpipe and one or two other antique forms of music. It allows you to play approximately in any one of four keys, two major and two minor; but some of the special quality of the sound comes from the singular scale.

Then there is the problem of repeated notes. The bag distributes the air supply to all four sounding pipes; and this air supply cannot be interrupted without stopping the whole thing. This continuous flow takes practice and there is, in fact, a practice device, called a goose, which consists of nothing but a bag and chanter to enable the learner to master the knack of supplying a steady current of air.

WHAT ABOUT repeated notes? On a clarinet, if you want to repeat a note, it can be done by blowing the appropriate number of times. But on the bagpipe you are blowing all the time. On the Irish *Uillean* pipes, blown with a set of bellows, you can momentarily stop the chanter by putting all your fingers down, for the chanter has a closed end, and this stops the escape of air. But the chanter of the great Highland bagpipe has an open end, and if you put down all your fingers, you get the lowest note in the scale, and that is all.

Something of the same problem arises if you want to give a certain note an emphasis, a heavy accent. The instrument will not register any such effect. But both the repeated note, and the illusion of emphasis can be produced by extremely rapid

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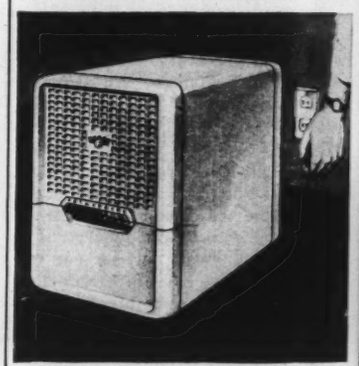

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groups of grace notes inserted between the principal notes. A piper spends most of his time learning these cuts, grips, shakes, and those more elaborate volleys of grace notes that are distinguished only by impressive names in Gaelic, such as *taor-luath a mach*, and *crun-luath fosgailte*. At Highland Games and other festivals of piping, it is the ability to perform these ornaments with animation, accuracy, discretion and taste that forms the chief criterion of excellence among pipers.

It is fairly easy to play some of the simpler graces well enough for a pipe band, but the more formidable ones are of legendary difficulty.

The great school of Scottish pipers was founded by the MacCrimmon family, pipers to MacLeod. The first MacCrimmon allegedly derived his power from the Fairy Chanter, a magic silver chanter which was given to him by a grateful pixie. When, later, he lost the Fairy Chanter, through breaking the sole condition attaching to its use, namely not to call it names if anything went wrong, his descendants had to take up arduous rehearsal instead. It was then said that it took seven generations to make a great piper; and that when the seventh generation piper was at last allowed to go to the MacCrimmon piping school at Vaternish in the Isle of Skye, then he had to study exercises for seven years before he was allowed to play a single tune.

This seems unlikely in the extreme, and preposterous if true; but it does bring home the fact that in old Scotland, at any rate, the bagpipe was thought to be of much greater difficulty than any other instrument, even the violin.

Possibly it is harder to play bagpipe music on a pipe than it is to play it on a violin, but I cannot help feeling that this takes a very narrow view of the capabilities of all other musical instruments.

I should say, in fact, that you can produce more effect with less talent on a bagpipe than on any other instrument, except perhaps the triangle. That was why I took it up in my teens.

Nevertheless, it is an instrument whose path is beset with pitfalls, and when considering it, it is well to think of the famous remark of the performing parrot, made while hopping along a tightrope holding an open parasol in one claw: "Ridiculous, I grant you, but ruddy hard work!"

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

I forgot to mention, that when Art is not exercising his salesmanship on merchants for showmandizing, he likes to be a gardener, not for a prize flower to wear in a buttonhole, but a prize-winning love-apple, which vegetable this generation has renamed, calling this scarlet and edible critter, abounding in vitamins, a tomato. There could not be a more commonplace name, had we called, the love-apple of our grandparents' days, a cabbage, irrespective of the fact, that some pronounce tomato, with an almost O sound of the A, and some, who are prone to call a spade a spade, and not a spode, pronounce this flaming edible the same as we pronounce potato. —*From a column in the Canadian Moving Picture Digest.*

Ah! The mad, mad life in the vegetable world.

FROM THE ENDS
OF THE EARTH

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Ottawa Letter

Bitter Dose of Political Medicine

WHATEVER PLANS the Government may have had for winding up the session before the end of April went awry. While the parties in opposition on the whole showed an accommodating spirit, they seized upon every opportunity presented to bait and harry Ministers.

On May 1 there was a long debate on the irrigation project in central Saskatchewan, but to the credit of the Government it stood firm against sanctioning immediate procedure with a scheme whose results, according to a report of a Royal Commission, would not justify the estimated expenditures.

The resignation of his seat in the House of Commons by Mr. Austin Dewar, the Liberal member for the Qu'Appelle division of Saskatchewan, is an extraordinary episode in parliamentary history. In his valedictory explanation to the House on April 29, he declared that he had been guilty of no intentional wrong, and professed such confidence in his innocence that he intends to seek vindication from his constituents in the coming election. The only accusation against him was in a story published in the Toronto *Telegram*. No question was asked in the House of Commons about his conduct, no charge was laid there against him, no motion was made, but he resigned his seat.

Mr. St. Laurent, as the leader of the Commons, has a special responsibility for the observance of its rules and proprieties, but about the whole Dewar matter he only offered some casual observations, one of which was that the practice of "kiting cheques," in which Mr. Dewar and his friend, Mr. Lunan, reportedly had engaged, was not strictly illegal but took an unfair advantage of banks.

Somebody, however, must have had a stiff talk with Mr. Dewar, and presumably it was the Prime Minister himself who said to him in a paraphrase of the famous words of Lady Macbeth, "Stand not up the order of your going but go at once." But if Mr. Dewar merited such punishment, surely it was the whole House of Commons and not Mr. St. Laurent or the Cabinet which was entitled to pass judgment upon the member's conduct. Within recent years, two members of the British House of Commons, Mr. Boothby, a Tory, and Mr. Belcher, a Socialist, were accused of being the beneficiaries of transactions improper for a member of Parliament. In both cases, the matter was referred to the appropriate committee of the House of Commons, which after adequate hearings presented condemnatory reports. In the one case Sir Winston Churchill and in the other Mr. Attlee, as leaders of the Commons, both pronounced their concurrence in the reports and gave their reasons for so doing. The British Parliament and public were thus thoroughly informed about the matter. The leaders of the parties in opposition deserve some censure for not moving to refer the matter to the committee on privileges and election.

It is true that Mr. Drew, with the support of Mr. Coldwell, moved subsequently for the investigation of the contracts awarded to the Lunan Construction Co. by a select committee, but Mr. St. Laurent had no difficulty in persuading his docile majority to vote this proposal down. But it will be hard to convince many voters that the refusal of a parliamentary investigation into the relations of Mr. Lunan with the Department of Public Works, does not indicate a desperate anxiety on the part of the Government to bury the whole affair.

The resignation of Mr. Dewar is obviously bad political medicine for the Liberal party to swallow on the eve of an election. A recorded transcript of the conference which Mr. Dewar held with his local political captain, Agriculture Minister Gardiner, after his return from the West, would be interesting reading. But the Liberals hope that they have discovered what may prove an antidote for the Dewar poison in contracts which a firm called Rosehall Nurseries Ltd., of which Mr. Charlton, a Progressive Conservative member, is a director and large shareholder, has reportedly secured from the Government.

War of Nerves

MR. HOWE is conducting a war of nerves with the British Government about the international wheat agreement. Some time ago, in a speech made in Montreal, he solemnly warned the British that they would rue the day that they rejected the agreement, because they would probably have to pay, for such Canadian wheat as they needed, 10 or 15 cents a bushel above the maximum price of $2.05 fixed by the pact. Then, when he moved for Parliament's endorsation of the agreement on April 27, he again bewailed the British Government's obduracy and suggested that it must have received unsound advice from its experts on grain, some of whom were almost certainly members of firms in Liverpool with a century's experience in grain trading behind them.

The idea has been circulated in Ottawa that eventually the Eisenhower administration will force Britain to sign the agreement by the threat of withholding assistance, which the latter needs badly, in connection with its troubles in Egypt, Iran and other places. Mr. Howe expressed the view that the British refusal to sign was not based upon any belief that they would be able to buy supplies of wheat more cheaply outside the agreement.

It is a fair assumption that the decision of the Churchill Ministry to reopen the Liverpool market for dealings in grain and grain futures influenced its attitude at Washington, and Mr. Howe, in common with the United States Government, does not relish the prospect of the resurrection of this market. For generations the Liverpool market played a dominating role in determining grain prices from day to day, and when it resumes operations, its influence upon grain prices will face our Wheat Board and the corresponding authorities in the United States with difficult problems, as their complete control over the prices of grain will cease.

However, the agreement secured the approval of all parties in the House of Commons. While some members were disposed to accuse the British of ingratitude in failing to take cognizance of the fact that, under the earlier agreements, the farmers of western Canada had suffered a heavy annual loss through supplying them with wheat at prices well below the ruling world level, Solon Low (SC, Peace River) and Percy Wright (CCF, Mel-

Lynch

The Hon. C. D. Howe.

fort) took the line that Britain could not be blamed for being careful about her limited supply of Canadian dollars.

The only forthright attack upon the agreement came in the Senate from Senator Crerar, who is one of the few surviving exponents in the present Parliament of the simon-pure doctrines of Liberalism.

As a former Minister of Agriculture, who has also been a practical farmer for years, Senator Crerar spoke with considerable authority, and he denounced not only the agreement, but all forms of state trading in grain, on the ground that they make a mockery of the principles of Liberalism and cannot in the end defeat the laws of supply and demand, whose force in his view is eternal. He also challenged the airy confidence of Mr. Howe that the price of wheat cannot fall below the limits fixed by the agreement and might even rise above them. He cited figures about the production of bread grains in 1952 to support a contention that there was some warrant for the belief of the British that they might fare better by taking their chances in the open market.

Another Liberal, Senator Reid of British Columbia, whose passion for playing on his bagpipes provides Parliament Hill with its only music, had the boldness to hazard the opinion, based upon his personal contacts with farmers from the prairies who visited his province, that the latter, at the present price of wheat, were able to lead what he called "the life of Riley" and charged that they were exacting scandalously high prices for "burnt" wheat from consumers in British Columbia.

It was curious that no spokesmen of farming communities outside the prairie provinces pointed out that, if the Government managed with American help to compel the British Government to pay high prices for our wheat, it would be little wonder that the latter had only a few dollars left to buy Canadian bacon, cheese and salmon. Meanwhile the British are standing pat upon their decision not to sign the agreement, and Mr. Howe's gloomy forebodings about the consequences of their folly are not likely to move Sir Winston and his colleagues.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Our Busy Politicians

(From Hansard)

MR. HANSELL (S. C., Macleod): . . . Now let me get back to the key-hole again, if I may. Here is an order in council, such as we are now discussing. The Prime Minister says, "Well, boys, we have this matter of ships entering Chinese ports"—and so forth and so on; or it may be something else. "What are we going to do about it?" Someone rises and says, "Well, it is the right thing to do." The Prime Minister says, "It may be the right thing, but do you not think that the way we should do it is not the right way?" The Minister of Trade and Commerce says, "Huh! Huh!"

I can imagine looking through that key-hole during a session of Cabinet and the Minister of Trade and Commerce saying, "Huh". But when he has the nerve to say it in the House of Commons, that is too much for me. I cannot understand it.

Then the Prime Minister says, "Well perhaps we had better pass it." And the gentleman sitting at the end of the table, the Secretary of State (Mr. Bradley), is asked by the Prime Minister, "What do you think about it?"

MR. HEES (P. C., Broadview): Wake him up.

MR. HANSELL: He pops up and says, "Well, Mr. Prime Minister, I just was not listening. Anything you say will be all right." And then, speaking to the Minister of Public Works (Mr. Fournier), "Mr. Minister of Public Works, you are responsible for the conduct of the business of the house. What do you think about it?" "Oh, it is all right; pass it. We will have enough Liberal backbenchers there who will heckle so much that no one will understand what the opposition are saying, anyway."

The order in council is passed. Eventually it is laid on the table. And we are now in the process of debating whether or not it is a negation of the democratic rights of parliament. . .

The Passing Show

Murder at the Met

THE METROPOLITAN Opera House in New York, squatting amid climbing turrets of the Potash and Perlmutter area, is an eyesore outside and a fire-trap within. Its architecture is neo-Aztec out of gas-house. All it needs is a smoke-stack to resemble a 1919 brewery, when they adhered to what is now the heresy of hops in cooking beer. But it is the mecca of music for America, North and South.

For two generations it has produced more fine singers and more atrocious actors than any other known abattoir of Thespis.

The Met survived fierce competition by old Oscar Hammerstein, of the two-storey lid and irremovable cigar. Old Oscar had been a cigar-roller before barging into the robust racket of exploiting alien warblers who chirp in sixteen languages but eat in one. He was the grandsire of the Oscar Hammerstein who gave us *Ol' Man River* and *Oklahoma,* with musical assists from Jerome Kern and Richard Rodgers. His Manhattan Opera flared and faded when Caruso and the rest of the Met galaxy were corraled for Victor recordings. The marriage of Victor and Met continues, and it has showered artists with prestige and dollars. McCormack earned $300,000 a year from record royalties in days before income tax, and Caruso's re-arranged recordings are still best-sellers.

Like the College of Cardinals, the Met from its inception until the exit of Gatti-Casazza, was under Italian authority. Gatti came from Milan's La Scala to impress the Philistines of dollar-delirious Yankeeland. Italian names were obligatory for singers. McCormack, who was born biting the Blarney Stone, was at first Signor Foli (his wife's name was Foley), and Richard Bone, of established New York stock, became Ricardo Bonelli.

Caruso was king. His guarantee for appearance was usually two thousand dollars; the average for a star is about five hundred—or less. But Caruso packed them in, the biggest magnet the Met has ever had. It's the irony of our cock-eyed mores that his widest publicity came not from his paradisial *I Pagliacci;* it followed a minor, frolicsome aria when he pinched the elevated anatomy of a lady stooping to inspect extroverts gamboling at the monkey house in the Zoo.

In days of his glory at the Met and Covent Garden (a superior emporium acoustically because of wooden intestines), Caruso insisted that provision for the superannuated baritone who discovered him be included in all his contracts.

In all his career at the Met, Caruso was the only artist who never requested complimentary tickets. An overgrown gamin, he once learned that a Brooklyn fireman swapped his day off with a fireman stationed at the Met (where Heaven knows they need 'em) so that he could hear Caruso in his favorite opera, *Aida.* Caruso secured orchestra seats for the fireman, and after the opera—with its barbaric cavalcade of chariots, elephants and other Byzantine equipage hired from Cane's Warehouse—Caruso had the fireman brought backstage while the tenor hid behind a wing. A confederate asked the fireman what he thought of it. "Gee," the Brooklyn connoisseur exclaimed. "Them horses was terrific."

Gatti gave great opera with diminishing returns. He bowed grudgingly to the demand for native talent, and scorned American opera, although that is no extraditable offence. It was my business, at one purgatorial time, to sit through dress rehearsals. They were rehearsing an opus called *Merrymount,* composed by Dr. Harold Hansen of Rochester University. The Puritan hero, a quack colporteur (droned self-consciously by Lawrence Tibbett), was in one scene enveloped by veil-clad babes who gave him what is known to Turkish-bath technicians as "the works". The Met got away with that; for Minsky's, it would have been the pie-wagon.

I heard Gatti growl through his beard at the end of this ordeal: "American opera. It steenks!" It did.

Gatti tolerated what Caruso abhorred — the claque: the creeping, garlic-bearing applauders who roar "viva" at ten cents a viva and three vivas for a quarter. There are white-tie and tail claquers, also. Their price covers hire of the ensemble.

EDWARD JOHNSON (whom John McCormack called the best workaday tenor at the Met), succeeded Gatti, with laurels. Johnson was a trouper. While we were interviewing him during an opera intermission (we of the working press came to wait out the Acts in a nearby oasis), a wire came announcing his mother's demise in Guelph. Johnson winced, but went on with the show.

Tetrazzini spurred speculation that prima donnas had to be shifted about stage by invisible derricks. But Galli-Curci and others, were slim and attractive, while Geraldine Farrar was a ravishing beauty inspiring fanaticism — and constabulary attention when, as a revealing *Salome* she made even the footlights blink.

With its magnificent orchestras and corybantic conductors, platoons of spear-carriers and herds of social-security choristers and upper-bracket stage-hands, the Met is a costly cathedral of cacophony. Its opulent revenues—its versatile by-products include sub-letting for anything from cultural soirees to Graeco-Roman contortions—are not enough. Over radio, which has popularized it, and television, that has pasteurized it, the Met tocsins for public aid, and under its dynamic manager Rudolf Bing—former Austrian, ex-Briton and prospective American—there have even been ventures for public subsidy.

The Met's social prestige is still tops, even though middle-aged stags stand on their heads and decaying dowagers kick their heels at openings in manifestations of youthful spirits —the youth of hooch. Yet from glisteners in the Diamond Horseshoe to listeners in the gods, the Met magnetism is perennial for lovers of concord who connive at fly-blown surroundings.

There are two schools of thought. Mrs. William Randolph Hearst (herself an ex-trouper though guiltless of song), reviewing two-block-long queues on a stormy winter night, intoned: "What devotees!" A corner cop, between ejaculations of tobacco-juice, muttered: "What nuts!"

JOHN B. KENNEDY

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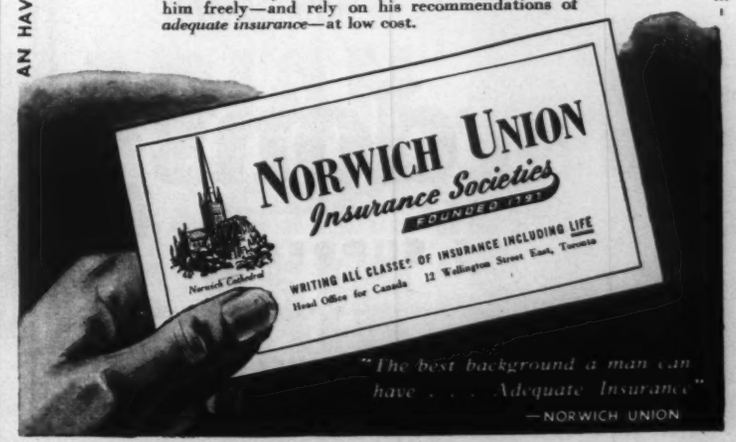
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Foreign Affairs

The Drive in Indo-China Makes Sense

IF YOU COULD forget about the death of Stalin, and the assumption that the new masters in the Kremlin must want to ease world tension so as to take no chance of war until they can get a firm grip on the affairs of their empire, the new Communist drive in Indo-China makes sense—brilliant sense.

What is the greatest single concern of Soviet world policy at the moment? Without question it is prevention of the rearmament of Germany as an ally of the West. What is holding this up? French fears that Germany will prove the dominant partner in the projected European Army. What feeds these French fears? The endless drain in Indo-China.

If the NATO Council recognized this chain of cause and effect in its declaration of last December that the war in Indo-China is of crucial interest to the NATO powers, can't we expect the wily schemers in Moscow to have the same idea? Better to have France opposing and delaying the European Army from within, than to send protest notes from Moscow or have Thorez and Company parading the boulevards with placards: "Quit Indo-China and Help Soviet Russia!"

I think the Communists understood quicker than we did that Fate had cast postwar France in the role of guardian of both West and East. In Europe, no front can be built without her; in the Far East, Indo-China is the barrier to Communist control of the rice-bowl of Asia. The control of this rice supply would give the Communists immense leverage on the two great nations of Asia which have so far successfully resisted Communism, but which must import food: India and Japan.

The fact that France's position was so vital has brought tremendous and unrelenting Communist pressure to bear against her, both at home and in Indo-China. But it has also brought her very considerable aid from her Western partners. Marshall Aid from the U.S. has helped make good the ravages of war at home and brought production to the highest peak in history; and there might have been more and quicker aid in Indo-China—which British troops helped the French regain in 1945—had the French really wanted it. But the French, who never undertook before the war to lead the peoples of Indo-China toward self-government, tried their best to keep "the trouble" in Indo-China a domestic concern.

Roosevelt favored the liberation of Indo-China by Nationalist China, when Japan should be beaten. And the French Cabinet, debating what is called in Paris the "internationalization" of the Laos question by making an appeal to the UN against the aggression there, well knows that it is the view of the U.S. Government that further military aid for Indo-China will not be effective without a solemn and dated promise of independence. So we have the paradox that to win in Indo-China the French must promise to give it up.

To do the French justice, two of the three Associated States of Indo-China, Cambodia and Laos, have only lately asked for independence. The latter, now under attack, is a sparsely-settled and mountainous Buddhist kingdom of about a million and a quarter people of Thai strain, mostly primitive farmers.

Cambodia is now Buddhist, too, but centuries ago, it was under strong Hindu influence from India. The third state, Viet Nam, made up of Cochin-China, Annam and Tonkin China, is Confucianist by tradition, having been under Chinese rule for the first thousand years of our epoch. Partly because of Chinese influence, felt all along its long coastline, this part of Indo-China was stirred much earlier by the desire for independence. This was aroused originally by the first defeat inflicted by an Asian people on Europeans, the Jap defeat of the Russians in 1905. It flamed to white heat when the Japanese stepped into the Second World War. It only remained for Vichyite Frenchmen, left by the Japanese in control of Indo-China and serving Japanese interests by their constant attacks on the cause of Free France and her Western allies, to lower French prestige to a level from which it could never recover.

SUCH IS the backdrop against which one must view present developments. The French have fought tenaciously to defend Indo-China for the past six years, and had they not done so the whole of South-East Asia from Burma down to Java would assuredly be under Communist rule today. Under the all-too-brief command of the inspired General de Lattre de Tassigny, they seemed to be gaining ground. Hopes appeared justified not only of a final military victory over the Viet Minh Communists but of political cooperation with non-Communist nationalist elements, similar to that secured by Mountbatten in the final days of British rule in India.

Since de Lattre's death, a year and a half ago, the situation has hung fire. Much progress has been made in training Viet Namese troops and forming them into an indigenous force, though far from as formidable a one as the South Korean Army. But both their stamina and their political convictions are still open to doubt. Seasoned officers are as scarce as seasoned politicians; and the villagers, whose support has always been the great strength of the guerrillas, cannot

be persuaded to look confidently to the official forces for protection and to inform on the Viet Minh, who appear at their door in the night.

There is no such clear situation as in Korea. There is no overt Chinese invasion, and not even an open "Communist invasion," since the Viet Minh still parade successfully as native nationalists. There is no UN support, since the French don't want the case brought before the UN. There is no Viet Nam National Assembly, as there is a South Korean Parliament, and no tough old Syngman Rhee. There is, instead, a rather shabby half-colonial regime trying, in the eyes of many Indo-Chinese, to regain its former control. And one cannot assume that French officials in Indo-China act with more confidence, unity or efficiency than those at home.

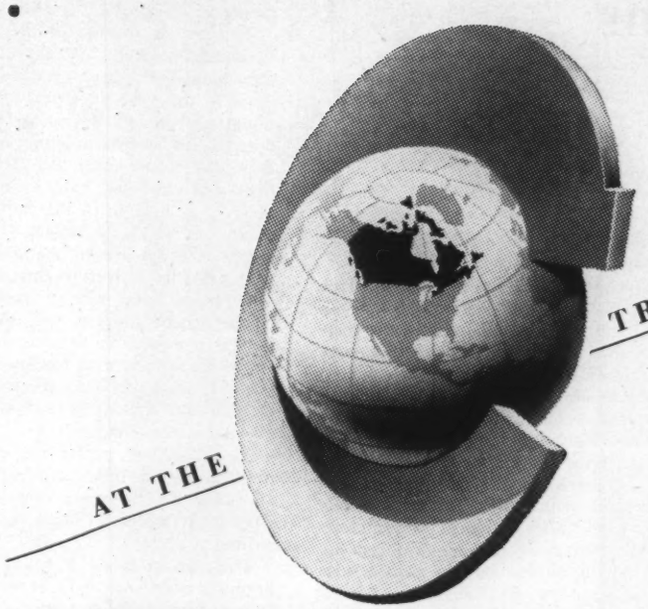
It would be strange indeed, if the Soviets did not exploit such a situation, so pregnant with possibilities for deepening Asian suspicion of European intentions, and causing dissension between France and her Western allies. The latest attack, on Laos, appears to be part of a carefully worked out plan for dynamiting the present political structure of South-East Asia. It began some months ago, when the Viet Minh seized an area of Tonkin China inhabited by Thai people and bordering on Laos.

Then in February, Peking set aside a part of adjoining Yunnan Province in China proper as an "Autonomous Thai Area", a part of the "Greater Thai Area" which, by implication, was to be united into a single state. It would comprise part of Indo-China and Burma, and all of Thailand (Siam), as well as the Thai part of Yunnan. Through the latter, it could be controlled by Peking. Also, by using Chinese Thai "volunteers", the project might be camouflaged for some time as a true "liberation" movement. This is almost an exact copy of the strategem being used to break up the present Turkish, Iraqi and Iranian states by promoting a "free" Kurdistan, which would take a large chunk out of each of them, look to Russia for support, and hence be controlled by Moscow.

It only remains to be asked whether the Soviets really intend to go ahead with such a project, in the changed circumstances attending the death of their Great Khan. Here there are two questions: whether they consider the new campaign in South-East Asia a risky one for them; and whether one of the main purposes of their new "peace" offensive is to provide cover for it.

Attempting to view the situation from Moscow, it might well seem that if the British and French rushed forces into the jungles of South-East Asia to meet this thrust, they would be as happily tied down there as American forces have long been in Korea, leaving Soviet forces an unchallengeable superiority in Europe and a wide open field of opportunity in the Middle East. As for our rising in wrath and desperation to threaten Russia with atomic war if she doesn't stop harassing us like this in far-off places, need they really fear that?

WILLSON WOODSIDE



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Films

Screen Biography, Skin Deep

The President and the Lady might better have been entitled "The Lady and the President", or, more specifically, just "The Lady". Ostensibly this is the story of President and Mrs. Andrew Jackson and their life together. As it works out, however, the President (Charlton Heston) is given just sufficient footage to support and endorse the Lady (Susan Hayward), who is presented as a paragon of virtue and gentility.

Such legends of Mrs. Andrew Jackson as survive credit her with a log-cabin background, a penchant for pipe-smoking, and a rather badly tangled marital history. The screen version of her story has accepted these social disadvantages, and then gone over them with the Treatment. As a result, Mrs. Jackson emerges looking less like the product of a log-cabin than like the graduate of a young ladies' finishing academy.

Her pipe-smoking, it appears, began as a girlish prank and developed into a pleasant connubial habit.

Her marital difficulty was the result of a legal misunderstanding, and scandalized Mrs. Jackson quite as deeply as it did the ladies of Washington.

This is in line with standard Hollywood practice, which insists that historical presentation shall go no deeper than a Max Factor skin treatment. Andrew Jackson himself was a lusty figure who dominated, by his fighting spirit, a rude and vigorous civilization. Rachel Jackson may, or may not, have shared these qualities; but it seems likely that she had at least certain capacities beyond the ability to love, suffer, and look good in close-ups. Whatever the actual facts, her story in outline offered considerable challenge to the imagination. However, this might have involved financial risks, and under the circumstances it probably seemed wiser to take the cash and let the challenge go.

In the end Rachel is shown as a brave, loving, frustrated woman, whose story is almost as windy and depressing as the moan of a vacuum cleaner. (It seems quite possible that the vacuum cleaner actually created the soap opera wife, the sound accompaniment having taken over and in the end absorbed the original theme.)

The Net is another of the studies in supersonic flight that appear to be absorbing the British studios these days. In this case, however, the emotional problems that engross the industrial staff are even more pressing and dangerous than the technical ones. The chief designer (James Donald) is in love with his supersonic plane, one of his colleagues (Herbert Lom) is in love with the designer's wife (Phyllis Calvert), and the test pilot is in love with a technician whose accent suggests that she may be the one who is handing out advance blue-prints to a foreign power. With all these problems absorbing the director, the writer, the audience and the characters themselves, it didn't seem likely they would ever get the new model off the ground. Eventually they do, however, and another chapter in screen aviation history is written.

The film ends on a wildly melodramatic note, in a fight in the upper stratosphere between the designer, who has merely sneaked his model out to test it, and his co-pilot, who wants to make a present of both plane and designer to his ideological fatherland.

The scientific background and jargon in *The Net* appeared to be authentic, at any rate to a reviewer who picks up all her supersonic information at the movies. It was a little hard to believe either that emotional relations could be as taut or that security regulations as loose in a well-run British industry as they seem to be here.

The picture involves a large British cast. They all struck me as competent actors rather than competent scientists.

IT IS possible that the rather lurid publicity surrounding *The Seven Deadly Sins* may have had a deterrent effect on some movie-goers. If so, it is unfortunate, since it is a fine picture, filled with French wit, clarity and observation. The Seven Deadly Sins—Avarice, Anger, Sloth, Lust, Envy, Gluttony and Pride—are illustrated here in a series of neat parables, each with a different director and writer, and each with a full quota of distinguished French stars.

The episodic approach naturally makes a rather uneven whole, but the total effect is disarming. Some of the parables, *e.g.* the ones illustrating Sloth and Gluttony, are open stunts, the one a fantasy, the other a farce with a trick ending. Some are short stories, and the best of these, *La Luxure* is a small masterpiece, at once funny and tragic, whose theme is the mingled ignorance and awareness of sex in the mind of a thirteen-year-old girl.

Of the cast, only two, Michele Morgan and Francoise Rosay, are likely to be familiar to American movie-goers. They appear in the final episode, *Pride*, a skeptical little story, reminiscent of de Maupassant. Michele Morgan's spirited and sensitive performance here makes it clear why she returned to the French screen, and why the French screen wanted her back.

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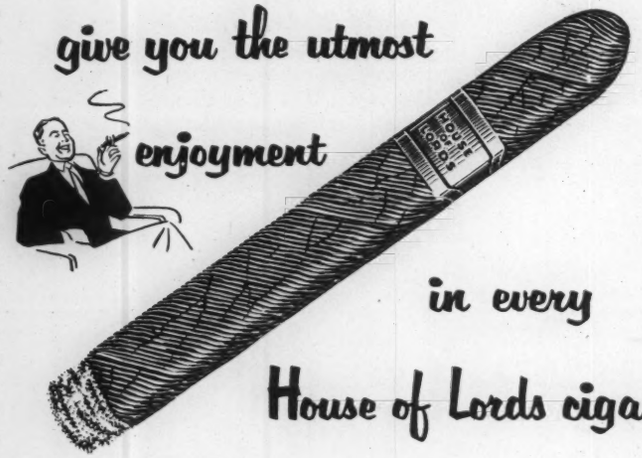

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The Literary Life

How To Be a Canadian Writer—And Survive

RECENTLY there has been a lot of talk about the lot of Canadian writers and, particularly, about prospects for a new crop of writers.

A good deal of what I have heard said publicly about the subject strikes me as being nonsense, and since I am a new writer, fairly young, and a Canadian, I think it might be useful if I had my say. At least as far as my own experience is concerned, I do know what I'm talking about.

The prevailing feeling about the economic possibilities of becoming a full-time writer in this country seems to be one of gloom. A young man of talent, contemplating writing as a career, inevitably must become very cautious about throwing up his good job in the Bank and taking to the typewriter for a living. On the one hand he hears the editorial voices booming loudly that we *must* have more writing, better writing, *Canadian* writing. On the other hand he hears some writers, and a good many people on the fringe of the profession, muttering darkly about starvation, part-time jobs, subsidies and lack of markets.

I think that if, in 1949, when I became a professional writer, I had been aware of all these prophetic voices, I would have gone back into the Army and eaten my three regular meals a day with unmitigated gratitude.

Fortunately for me, I did not know. But I do now. And I also know that if a man or woman of talent wishes to devote his or her working days to writing, he or she can make a living and, what is more important, do it without sacrificing any standards of artistic integrity.

First the new writer must rid himself of a number of widespread misconceptions about the craft. He must understand that the gloom, which now spreads heavily over his hopes as a free writer, is largely ephemeral and comes from a number of false ideas.

One of the major misconceptions held in this country is that, to earn a living, you must spend a good part of your time turning out pot-boilers to formula.

When I was just beginning the job of writing, I had an interview with the editor of a Canadian magazine, and I told him of my ambitions. He looked at me sadly for a moment and then said, "Well, you can try. But let me give you a tip. If you hope to eat regularly, don't bother with anything that doesn't fit into the boy-meets - girl - 5,000 - words - happy - ending pattern." Now, that man was also a writer, and a good one. But he believed what he told me.

I was sufficiently depressed, but I had a story on hand — only one — and my wife and I were getting hungry. I sent the story to the CBC and received it back in the next mail. Then in some desperation I sent it to my editor friend. I hoped he might have forgotten his dictum — but he hadn't. He wanted no part of a story that dealt with starvation amongst a group of Canadians, and which ended on a tragic note.

Up to this point my experiences fitted exactly into the gloomy picture of Canadian writing that we hear so much about. But then a lucky accident happened. Acting on a random suggestion, I sent my story out of the country, thereby violating one of the unspoken but cardinal laws which non-writing critics of the profession have laid down for us. I was disloyal and un-Canadian. But I was hungry.

The agent to whom I sent the story promptly sold it to the *Saturday Evening Post* for a sum about five times that which I would have received from the Canadian magazine which had turned it down as unsuitable for readers of its pages.

In a great rush of gratitude and enthusiasm I promptly wrote the agent, Max Wilkinson, and implored him to tell me *what* to write, and how to "slant" it for the market. You see, I still remembered what that Canadian editor had told me.

Max snubbed me solidly. And I pass on his reply for two reasons. First, it was made by a man who knows as much about the problems affecting marketing of short stories as does anyone on this continuent. Second, by following the advice he gave I have found it possible to make a comfortable living at writing, while at the same time I have the satisfaction of knowing that I write what I choose, as I choose to write it.

"Write what you *must* write," Max said, "and don't ever bother to send me 'slanted' work. Write the best stuff you can produce, and if it's good enough—I'll find a home for it."

That advice came from a man who is in personal contact with editors of the major American periodicals. I recommend it to young writers beginning their career in Canada.

HOWEVER, if you accept this advice, resign yourself to one hard fact. You won't sell much in Canada. As an example, I submitted seven short stories to Canadian periodicals over a two-year period. Two of them were accepted, and five were refused. These five were then sold in the United States. The money I received from the United States was about six times what I would have received if they had all been sold in Canada. But that is not the most important thing. All of these stories were satisfying to my own standards. They were all tragedies and there was not a single boy-meets-girl in the lot. Some, I believe, were good literature, some were not,

but all were honest and had meaning. One of them—published in the *Saturday Evening Post*—won the President's Medal of the Governor-General's Award Commission for the best short story written by a Canadian in 195

The advice of my American agent was vindicated and I shall continue to follow it happily in preference to the advice I have had in Canada.

Why should this misconception about quality exist? It is nearly universal in Canada. It is understood that if you write a good, artistic story, you can—at best—hope to see it published in no more than one or two magazines. It is assumed that if you are going to write this kind of story, you must get a job and make writing your part-time hobby. Editors and critics deplore this state of affairs. So do the writers. Then why does it exist?

IN THE first place I'm afraid a lot of it is due to our national inferiority complex and to the fact that a good many writers without too much talent have used this old tale to justify their own lack of success. In the second place, it is due to the fact that many editors have fallen victim to the myth and many of them live by it. In the third place, it is due to a queer state of mind which makes many Canadians think that we must not only write in Canada, but sell and publish in Canada as well.

Whatever the causes, the existence of this myth has, in my opinion, cost Canada a greater potential loss in good literature than any other single factor. Too many fine writers have labored under the delusion that they had to write pot-boilers for a living and so could only utilize their spare time for creative, honest fiction.

To throw some light on the problem, let me take a cold look at what is called the "Canadian market". It consists of a handful of periodicals all run much along the same lines. They publish too few short stories and they are cutting down on what little space they do allot to fiction. They pay too little. And far worse, much of what they do publish is either written by staff-members, or it is purchased from captive writers who can be relied upon to write what is required, and in the style the magazine prefers. The biggest of them harp constantly about being "family-type magazines" and their concept of what an average family in this country wants to read is as gross an insult to Canadians as any that I know.

No doubt some editors will take violent exception to this summary. They will say that they don't publish more *good* fiction because they can't get it. They use this excuse with monotonous repetition but, in my opinion, it is balderdash, poppycock and straight malarkey.

Good short stories, that aren't just arty little pieces, are being produced in this country by several writers who are recognized outside Canada as being excellent craftsmen. I could name half-a-dozen, but I think Hugh Garner is a prime example. There are enough good writers producing good material. The reason the larger Canadian magazines don't make more use of their products is that they claim to be afraid the audience won't stand for it.

Now it seems to me that a young writer in this country—a Canadian—can, if he feels he has the talent, set out tomorrow to make writing his full-time profession, and can succeed at it without undue difficulty. But he must recognize the fact that his market is the English speaking world—and not Canada.

I realize that I am talking heresy, but frankly, I can't see why a Canadian selling abroad should be automatically stigmatized as a traitor to his country. It seems possible that Canada's literary cause may even be well served when three or four million "foreigners" read about Canada in the words of a Canadian writer; better served, perhaps, than if five or ten thousand Canadians read the same piece in a little magazine. In any case one thing is clear—the author is better served if he sells his work abroad; and, chances are, he can even manage to make a modest living at the game.

Here are the facts that a beginning author in this country must face—and the facts that his elders, the critics and the patrons, ought to recognize:

First: in Canada there is not a sufficient market to sustain life in the writer of short stories and articles unless he is a staff member of a magazine in fact, or in effect. Second: the present quality standards of mass-circulation Canadian magazines are low and will probably remain that way as long as readers will accept the situation, and as long as editors believe their readers really do prefer pap. Third: until this situation changes the best part of professional Canadian writing is going to have to be sold and published outside this country.

There it is. I see no reason to sweat blood about it and to wail from the editorial roof-tops. We can have a Canadian literature with a standard to do us credit, but we shall have to get it the only way at present available to us—as something subsidized by foreign markets. Frankly, I can't see that it matters how we get it. In time, when we have acquired another thirty million Canadian readers, and a few dozen periodicals which can pay for, and which want quality, then writers can make their living nearer home.

In the meantime, if you are a Canadian who wants to write and if you *can* write, you can make a living and retain your individuality at the same time—if you care to face the facts.

FARLEY MOWAT

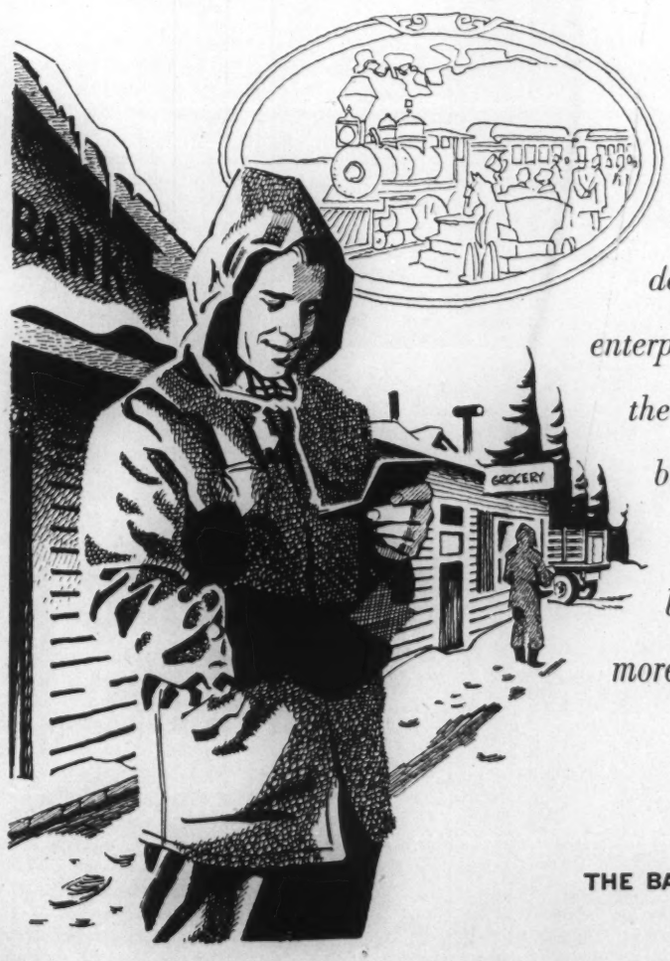
•

Sammy Jay's eyes twinkled.

"And now, for one of the most important things of all," said he. "Never forget for one instant to remember, and always remember not to forget," chuckled Sammy.

He chuckled again as he looked down at Little Lone Chick, and the somewhat puzzled look on the latter's face.—*From a Burgess Bedtime Story in the Montreal Star.*

We know just how Little Lone Chick felt.



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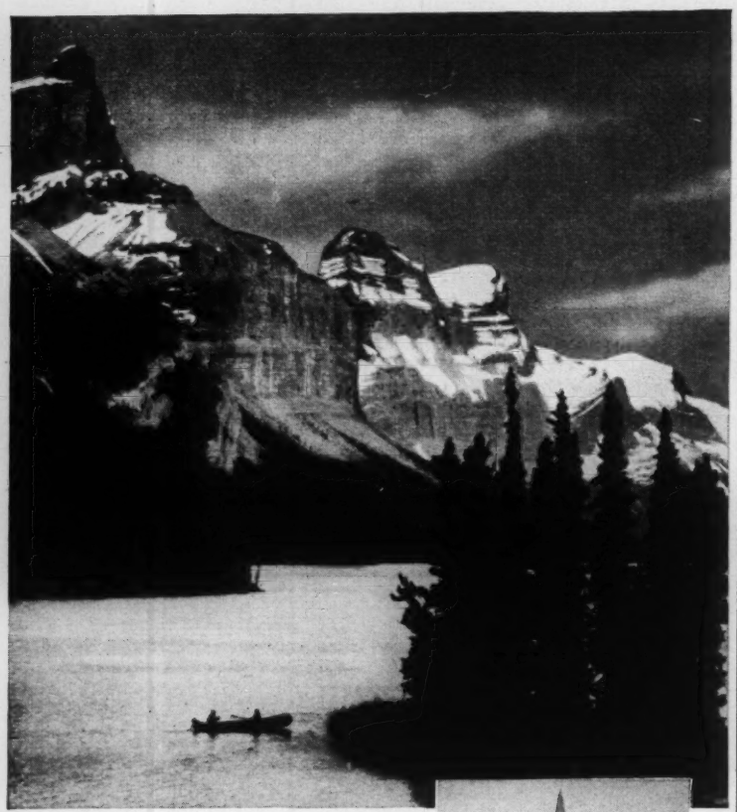

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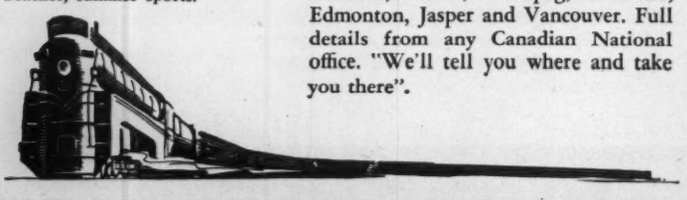

Travel

Flin Flon Festival

WHAT ARE *the dates of the Flin Flon Trout Festival? Can you tell me some of the attractions?—J. A. S., Chatham, Ont.*

Scheduled for June 28-July 1, the four-day Manitoba celebration will feature new and old attractions. The major event is the trout fishing derby which opens at dawn on June 24 and ends at sunset June 30. A 1953 automobile is the prize for the angler who hooks the biggest lake trout during that time. The festival fishing waters include the lakes in the territory bounded on the north by the 56th parallel, on the south by the 54th parallel, on the east by the Hudson Bay Railway and on the west by the 103rd longitude.

Another feature of the festival is the annual Gold Rush Canoe Derby which brings the winners a trophy and a $500 prize. The race will be run in four daily laps and will cover more than 150 miles of woodland waters and portages through the forests.

New attractions include a "Prospectors' Ball" and Indian Pow-wow. Other events will be an outboard motorboat championship, crowning of Queen Mermaid, a street fair, square-dancing competition, band concerts, baseball tournaments, log-rolling, water-skiing and bathing beauty parades.

Tuna Cup Match

CAN YOU *give me some brief information and dates on this year's deep-sea fishing contest in Nova Scotia?—W. L., Sherbrooke, Que.*

The team of seven deep-sea anglers to represent the British Commonwealth in the 10th International Tuna cup match at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, September 9 to 12 will be selected by T. J. Wheeler of Pickering, Ontario. The team members will be chosen from the top tuna fishermen from the United Kingdom, Canada, South Africa, Bermuda, Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon.

Other competitors will include teams from the United States, Cuba, Chile, Venezuela, Panama, France, Belgium and Switzerland.

Fort Louisbourg

I AM *planning a trip through Nova Scotia to include Cape Breton Island. I want to look at the ruins of the famous Fort Louisbourg. Can you tell me something about the fortress?—H. M., Peterborough, Ont.*

Louisbourg, on Cape Breton Island is 22 miles from Sydney, reached by a magnificent drive through the beautiful Mira district.

The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 ceded Cape Breton to France. The French decided to build at Louisbourg a fortress stronger than any other in America to serve as a naval base and a trade link between Old and New France. Costing over $10 million, it was named Louisbourg in honor of King Louis XIV of France. Walls faced with masonry, 12 feet thick and 30 feet high, were strengthened by massive earthworks in the rear and an 80-foot wide ditch at the front. It was by far the greatest stronghold in the New World, so much so that a popular verdict of the day was, "Capture Louisbourg and you capture Canada".

It was captured by the British in 1758; one of the divisions being commanded by General Wolfe. The stronghold was ordered to be destroyed and men toiled for six months with levers and explosives. Despite their labors the outlines, casements and sections of the old walls remain. Visitors can easily visualize the fortress as it was 200 years ago.

The area is a National Park and Louisbourg is one of the most interesting sites in North America.

Documents For Vienna

WHAT TRAVEL *documents, in addition to the usual passport, etc., are required now to visit Vienna?—M. D. K., Montreal.*

The gray card which travellers must have to cross the Russian Zone and reach Vienna is obtainable simply by sending passport data to the Military Permit Office, State Department, Washington and asking for it. Canadians as well as U.S. citizens obtain the card in this manner. U.S. citizens go by way of Linz and Enns. Canadians via Semmering. Once in Vienna tourists can forget the occupation, which rests lightly on the city. There are no divisions in the city and no restrictions of any kind.

New England Motor Trip

I AM *thinking of making a trip through the New England States this summer. Where can I get information on road conditions, places of interest to make overnight stops?—L. L. V., Kingston, Ont.*

The Ontario Motor League, Toronto, and the leading oil companies have efficient tourist departments who will be pleased to give you full information. It would be advisable to give them a rough idea of the time at your disposal and a list of towns you desire to see.

Flower Show

I AM TOLD *that one of the finest flower shows in North America can be seen in the Great Smoky Mountains. Can you give me any information? — W. T. G., Winnipeg, Man.*

Generally speaking, the maximum display, including the three showiest flowers of western North Carolina, the purple rhododendron, flame azalea and mountain laurel, can be seen between June 5 and 15. Any time between May and July, motorists can

find a good flower show along the paved highways of the Blue Ridge Parkway, Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and in and near Pisgah and Nantahala National Forests.

During May and June there are such well-known objectives to be sought as Craggy Gardens, 600 acres of purple rhododendron at near 6,000 feet altitude on the Blue Ridge Parkway near Asheville, and 6,200-foot Roan Mountain, to which a paved highway (NC 261) leads from Bakersville. Peak displays at Roan and Craggy usually occur around June 20, with any time in the last three weeks of June likely to find a good show.

Weather In Hawaii

"I AM *planning a trip to Hawaii. Can you tell me something about summer temperatures and suitable clothing to take?—C. E. G., Winnipeg, Man.*

No temperature lower than 56 degrees or higher than 88 has been recorded in Honolulu since the establishment of the Weather Bureau station in 1904. The year-round average is 75. The average water temperature at Waikiki is 78.5 degrees.

In Hawaii, sports and beach wear, lightweight suits and summery frocks prevail during the day. More formal attire is worn in the evening. Your wardrobe should include some warm clothing, in case you wish to go into the mountainous interior.

Montreal Parade

"WILL YOU *let me know the date of St. Jean Baptiste's Parade in Montreal?—G. W. W., Sudbury, Ont.*

St. Jean Baptiste's Parade will be held on June 24. The festivities begin the evening before with elaborate bonfires and fireworks. Floats, depicting scenes in French Canada's history, will travel seven miles along Sherbrooke Street from the Botanical Gardens.

North Carolina

"WHERE *should I write for information about travelling in North Carolina?—N. G., Regina.*

A new information booklet on North Carolina has been published by the State Travel Bureau.

This 16-page booklet, printed in full cover with natural color photographs, has condensed information on the history, life, geography, government, agriculture, industry and vacation regions of the state.

Bergen Music Festival

"MAY I *have some information about this year's music festival at Bergen, Norway?—A. M. F., Banff, Alta.*

The Bergen International Festival of Music and Drama will be held June 1 to 15, celebrating the birth 110 years ago of Norway's beloved composer, Edward Greig. Leopold Stokowski, Kirsten Flagstad and Yehudi Menuhin are among the artists who will appear in the program of concerts, drama and folklore.

Leopold Stokowski will conduct concerts on June 8 and 9, which will include three Bach preludes, Brahms' *Second Symphony* and Tchaikowski's *Romeo and Juliet.*

Holiday In Holland

"CAN YOU *give me some hints on how best to spend my time and money on a fairly brief visit to Holland?—V. M.D., Windsor.*

Travel distance in Holland is no problem in time or money. Rail fare averages 2 cents and taxis 15 cents a mile. A car rents for $8 to $10 a day, and gasoline costs 38 cents a gallon. The bicycle, the popular vehicle of both prince and beggar in this level land, rents for a few cents a day.

There is inexpensive transportation. Most of the country can be covered on electrified lines in the west, on trolley and bus lines in Rotterdam, The Hague, Leiden and Haarlem, and boatrides to Volendam, the Isle of Marken, through the canals of Amsterdam and around the docks of Rotterdam.

Hotel accommodation in Holland this year is the best since the war. These hotels, with their solid Dutch comfort, are reasonable—room and breakfast costing less than $2 per day. Pensions, with a view of the sea or the placid canals, offer lodgings and three meals for $3 per day. A complete dinner in a deluxe restaurant costs about $3, but an average meal runs $1 and less.

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"We wanted a home where we'd all be happy," says Mrs. M. Breton of her interesting new bungalow at St. Hyacinthe, Que. "With a growing family that meant it had to be practical as well as attractive. We built it to be really lived in, yet easy to keep up without endless housework. For our floors, we found that Dominion Inlaid Linoleum fitted our thinking and planning perfectly. We used it all through the house."

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Books

The Itchy Foot

HOW TRAVEL BOOKS have changed since the beginning of the century! Until 1900, we of this continent still thought of our jaunts to Europe as deriving, however distantly, from the Grand Tour, and set out armed with Augustus Hare's *Walks in Rome* or Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*. The First Great War did much to change the complexion of travel, and more practical guides appeared, which, though principally occupied with sights to be seen, contained some information about ships, trains and hotels. But it is only since the Second Great War that we have encountered travellers' guides which concern themselves wholly with the mechanics of travelling and pay little or no attention to the sights which are to be seen abroad.

The snobbery of the nineteenth century assumed that anyone who went abroad did so chiefly in search of culture, had plenty of money, and could hire some low person to take care of details; the snobbery of the twentieth century assumes that to travel in search of sights is to mark oneself as a rube, and that the aim of the sophisticated traveller is to get all he can for his money, avoid the impostures of Europeans and to impose upon them if he can get away with it.

Consider, as a work in this class, *The Poor Man's Guide to Europe*, by David Dodge. The jacket declares that this book will enable the cunning traveller to get free medical attention in England, to buy currency advantageously and even sharply, to make friends pay the import duty on gifts which he sends from abroad. It is described as "a masterpiece of miserly know-how" and it is written in a style which suggests that parsimony is the greatest fun in the world, and that the saddest misfortune which can befall a traveller is to pay more for something than is absolutely necessary.

But the book promises more than it can fulfil; it gives some useful tips to travellers and suggests a few sensible economies, but none which an intelligent traveller would not quickly find out for himself or learn from a reputable travel agency. It is not, after all, big news that an elementary knowledge of French or German is convenient, that when a charge is included in a bill for service it is not necessary to tip, and that it is foolish to engage in noisy fights with foreign taxi-drivers.

This is not to say that Mr. Dodge's book is worthless. It contains quite a lot of information which a novice traveller would be glad to possess. But it cannot make a seasoned traveller out of a greenhorn, and a really seasoned traveller knows that most journeys are going to cost him more than he reckons on; therefore he maps out his course accordingly and stops fussing about tiny economies which fray the spirit and distract him from his main business of enjoying himself.

A better book than Dodge's is *Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe*. It is packed with useful information, but it is interesting to analyze the spirit in which this knowledge is imparted. The attitude of the traveller is expected to be half-martyr, half-gangster. He will be set upon by rapacious foreigners, who will think him a rich American, and who will try to gouge him; for the national honor he must resist being gouged; but he is also, it appears, likely to do some money-dealing in the black market, where he may get a chance to do a little gouging himself. He must not buy any doubtful goods, but he cannot rely on his own taste or knowledge to distinguish between good and bad; he must consult Fielding's Guide, which tells him what may profitably be bought in each country.

Sweeping generalizations about the honesty of nations of several millions are offered as working facts. The prevailing attitude is a distrustful one. Fielding warns his countrymen that Latins fight like girls because they know nothing of pugilism; it will be a sorry traveller indeed who takes that as gospel. He also warns Americans not to use a *bidet* as a toilet. Indeed, upon finishing the book we may wonder which people Fielding despises the most—the Europeans he writes about, or the Americans he writes for.

Fielding and Dodge, by the way, disagree on many apparently vital matters—the best sort of luggage to carry, the necessity of taking spot remover from home, and the availability of camera film in Europe. Fielding, though sensible and reliable within the limits of the bias discussed above, makes occasional odd slips. It is just barely possible that, for a joke, a German might address the wife of a street-car assistant switchman as "Frau Strassenbahnunterweichenwarter," but this is not customary, as Fielding implies; she is more likely to be Frau Schmidt. Echoes such as this from

Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men on The Bummel* are infrequent in Fielding, but they pop up unexpectedly.

In its information about what sights the traveller should see abroad, Fielding is conventional. However, he pays a good deal of attention to nightclubs, taxi service, customs and immigration, hotels, black markets and what he calls "local rackets." All the information is good to have, but the emphasis which is laid upon it in this book makes one wonder why anybody would go to Europe. It all sounds like dreadfully hard and rather dangerous work. Fielding should be read in conjunction with several other writers, who know Europe as a continent of great beauty and charm.

An altogether different spirit pervades Richard Joseph's book about the British Isles. He loves them, and he wants other people to love them. He knows that money is important to the traveller, and he has a lot of good ideas about making a dollar go as far as possible, but he is not obsessed by money, like Fielding and Dodge. He keeps his eye firmly and brightly on the principal purpose of travelling—to see the sights and have a good time. Mr. Joseph knows the sights thoroughly; I have checked his accounts of a section of Britain which I know as well as anybody who is not a native and he is unfailingly accurate, knowledgeable and enthusiastic.

It is this enthusiasm which warms the heart. A man who writes a guidebook merely to warn travellers against imposture and over-spending is a joyless wretch. It is the man who goes abroad with hope in his heart, a reasonable amount of history in his head, and in a spirit which enables him to receive impressions who cheers us, and makes us want to travel ourselves. Mr. Joseph is hard-headed enough when he is reckoning up the cost of a journey, but his prevailing mood is a romantic one, and for this we bless him.

What is the use of going abroad to make endless comparisons between what we find there and what we have at home? If foreign lands and peoples provide us with delights which we cannot get at home, is that not enough? The romantic traveller is the one who gets most for his money, even if he is cheated now and again. The romantic traveller is the real spiritual descendant of those who, 150 years ago, went on the Grand Tour and marvelled at what they had seen for the rest of their lives. Those who fret about the comparative advantages of black market and bank exchange, and who seek little abroad but nightclubs and restaurants like the ones they left at home, would do better to stay at home and rejoice in their shrewdness and economy.

The traveller in the British Isles may want to have a copy of Ashley Courtenay's hotel guide. It is a good and comprehensive book, written by a man who has inspected every hotel and inn he recommends; he gives rates, numbers of rooms and criticism of kitchens. Contrary to a widely-held belief, it is possible to get good food in rural hotels in Britain, but you have to know where to go, and Mr. Courtenay can tell you. He too is a romantic traveller, but he does not allow his romanticism to affect his palate or his stomach.

THE POOR MAN'S GUIDE TO EUROPE—by David Dodge—pp. 302—*Random House*—$3.75.

FIELDING'S TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE—pp. 780—*McLeod*—$6.25.

YOUR TRIP TO BRITAIN—by Richard Joseph—pp. 429—*Doubleday*—$5.25.

LET'S HALT AWHILE—by Ashley Courtenay—pp. 407—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.25.

In Brief

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN—by Charles Clay—pp. 372—illustrated—*Winston*—$3.75.

A full and competent re-telling of what has been made public about the life of the Queen from her childhood until the present. Unfortunately, the style and approach to the subject is of the sort which permits Mr. Clay to write with a straight face of "that fickle jade, Fate"; to write of the consort of King George VI as "his Scottish lass"; to speak of the future Queen as Prince Philip's "girl"; to suggest strongly that the attachment between Philip and Elizabeth began as a boy-and-girl romance. If you like to delude yourself that you are on terms of snug intimacy with Royalty, this is your book.

ROYAL HOMES ILLUSTRATED—pp. 127—many illustrations—*Ryerson*—$3.25.

Opening with an essay on the Royal houses by A. L. Rowse, this book

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goes on to pictures and descriptions of Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Balmoral, Sandringham, Hampton Court, Kensington Palace and a surprising variety of other royal residences. It is an astonishing record of splendor combined with what looks, to the commoner's eye, like a high level of discomfort and no small amount of dubious taste.

Monarchs inherit their residences, and any marked alteration in them is costly and, in some eyes, sacrilegious. A modern Queen must live in palaces designed for, literally, an army of servants and methods of heating which are no longer practicable. We may marvel at this grandeur, but only the hardiest will envy it. Needless to say, the book is of great interest.

ELIZABETH OUR QUEEN—by Richard Dimbleby pp. 188—good black and white pictures but some in hideous color—*Hodder & Stoughton* — $3.00 — also an Abridged Presentation Edition.

The story told in this volume is, of course, the same as that in Mr. Clay's, but it is dealt with here in a greatly superior tone. There is no straining after an impossible intimacy, no affectionate patronage of the Royal Family, no sentimental guesswork. The historical background is excellently filled in without becoming heavy. Confidently recommended.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSE—by Compton Mackenzie — pp. 79 — illustrated — *Ryerson* —$2.50.

This is the history of the Queen's principal residence, Buckingham Palace. It has been pushed into its present important position by a reluctant fate, for it was never intended to serve such a purpose. Begun as a comparatively modest country residence for the Duke of Buckingham, this building has been tinkered with and added to for generations, but never with complete success. It has neither the historic grandeur of Windsor nor the intimacy of Sandringham. Nevertheless, it is the place which we most often think of as the home of the Royal Family, and this study of it is admirably written, admirably illustrated and full of interest. We are grateful for pictures of the superb gardens, which must make even the discomforts of the Palace seem less irksome.

QUEEN MARY, HER LIFE AND TIMES — by Marguerite D. Peacocke — pp. 127 — heavily illustrated—*Ryerson*—$2.75.

Well written and moderate in tone, this is a first-rate account of the life and character of the great lady who remains, for most of us, the model of a Queen. The figure in the toque takes place, now, to a picture in perspective, in which we see also the consort of George V, the somewhat severe Duchess of Cornwall, and the sharply intelligent little girl who was Princess May of Teck. The book appeared before her death, but it is virtually complete, and a handsome and appropriate record of a remarkable life and a forceful personality.

THE CORONATION BOOK—by Leonard Wibberley — pp. 185 — illustrated — McLeod —$3.25.

A good, cheerfully written account of the ceremonial, the personages and the paraphernalia of the Coronation, with some information which we have not seen before. As well as the approaching event this book takes heed of past Coronations, changes in procedure, and odd happenings which have arisen when custom has been at loggerheads with fact. R. D.

TASTE OF DEATH—by Fenn McGraw—pp. 250 —*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

Between mystery novels and sheer thrillers lies a blood-bath. In this first-rate mystery novel, not a thriller, the gore is discreet, the bath a perfumed tub—of schoolmistresses, some of them prettily proportioned, refreshing themselves in un-schoolmistressish language after sweat, tears and chalk-dust—and there is more gaiety than chill in the dialogue.

Satisfactorily, the corpse does not appear until Chapter 5, and then in the toga of Caesar about to be stabbed (well, she was stabbed). The police detective is a good type to fall in love with the most prettily-proportioned mistress. The boarding-school girls and teachers are authentic, modern and interesting, and you can have a good couple of hours with the mystery, and drop a tear for the murderer, too.

TOMBSTONE—by Clarence Budington Kelland pp. 247—*Musson*—$3.00.

Western, early American and by an old hand at the game of pabulum for the *Post*. Mr. Kelland has done three dozen novels and *Tombstone* shows that the silo isn't down to the corn licker jug yet.

Tombstone is the name of a silver mining town in Arizona. The suspected bad guy turns out to be the good guy; not a faro dealer but a Wells Fargo agent. The main character is a woman, obsessed with money-making (why, we are not told). She runs the Bon Ton millinery and fancy goods shop which "solicits exclusively the patronage of women of the theatre and other places of amusement" between one and six on Wednesday and seven and eleven on Thursday evenings. On the remaining days of the week "patrons of the Bon Ton Shop will be strictly limited to housewives whose preferences will be for conservative fashions rather than the more extreme modes of Paris and Vienna." All the babes from the saloons were, of course, exclusively charged twice as much as the housewives, and there was where the money was made... A rattling good wild Western.

T. J. A.

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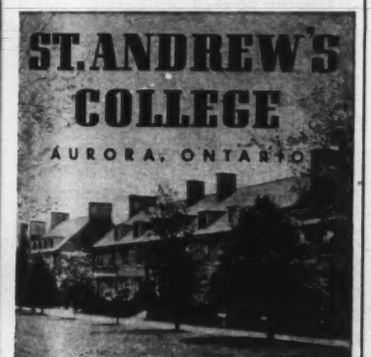

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Three Books of Poems

THE SCOPE of meaning necessary to cover a definition of the word "poem" is wider today than ever. This scope is illustrated in the three books of poems under consideration here, three points of poetic view as far apart as the points of the compass.

Object and Event by Ronald Hambleton is an engaging volume, especially for readers who think of poetry in the English language as being either pre-Eliot or post-Eliot. The first group of these poems formed a memorable broadcast program entitled "A Tour of the City" on a CBC Wednesday Night nearly three years ago.

Mr. Hambleton's poems are mostly subtle vignettes of outward appearance and inner state of mind. Donne and Hopkins influences are consonant with his temperament and have been so well assimilated that they do not proclaim themselves. The psychological poems evolve through a rugged, metaphysical imagery that is strenuous and austere, illuminating both the poet's emotional involvement as the protagonist and his cool detachment as the analyst. The qualities of both object and event are ascribed to external nature by this poet. Here is his "Landscape":

The field was large in my eyes and full.
Breasting the hale conceptive rise
I rose upon it as a herring gull
Sports with the braking sea before it flies
Letting the indolence of its legs annul
The strength and grace of its wakeless flight.

Top gained, I looked back as used.
No hand sought aid to follow.
But season sequence idly fused
Summers autumns winters flow.

Perhaps the most notable feature of Mr. Hambleton's poetry is its variety of subject, mood, verse-form and imagery. He creates pictures that remain vivid in the mind's eye expressed in phrases that linger in the ear. His readers will not soon forget such poems as "Sunbather", "In Bed", "Present to a Lady", and "Nocturnal: Upon the World's Great Sickness".

At the antipodes of Mr. Hambleton's poetic method is *The Golden Road* by Edna Jaques. No effort is required here beyond the ability to read and forbearance on the part of those who are repelled by banality and persistent metaphorical cliché. At her best Miss Jaques evokes a picture flat in color and plain in line as a painting by Grandma Moses, as in "Farm Kitchen at Night":

An old grey cat is sleeping on a chair,
Paws folded in below her snowy chest,
She looks the picture of contented peace,
Like an old lady waiting for a guest,
Her eyes blink softly as if half awake,
Pale green like water in a mountain lake.

In these poems there is an absence of ambiguity which should comfort those who like a good pounding end-rhyme and who can cheerfully subscribe to a greeting-card philosophy of life.

East and west of both these books is the third to be considered, thirty-six poems of Arthur Rimbaud translated into English by Brian Hill, and presented in the only satisfactory way with the original poem set side by side with the translation. The insuperable difficulties of reproducing a poem in another language are exemplified in the title of the poem which names this volume, *The Drunken Boat*. What unfortunate connotations that has for the puritanical ear! The poetic symbol has vanished and in its place is a faintly ridiculous picture of the sort which makes Canadians a bit diffident about approaching a clerk in the book store.

This is not to criticize the present translator, for immediately one is forced to come to his defence with many queries. Is it possible to convey the poet's intent from one language to another so that it becomes an experience for the reader and not just a service to the student? Can the translator overcome the enormous difficulties of metre, diction, and subtlety of implication?

Where is the happy compromise which will allow the formalities of French poetry to be transformed into English without the stiffness of precious diction and awkward imagery? It is all summed up in the brief and now classic question, brought no closer to solution even by Roy Campbell's recent effort: "Can Baudelaire be done into English?"

IN SPITE of niggling criticisms which could be argued here and there, this translation is successful in a number of poems. Mr. Hill brings Rimbaud's gorgeous colored imagery, delicate lyricism and savage bitterness through such poems as "Vowels", "Orphelia", and "Sisters of Charity". All three qualities combine in "The Drunken Boat", the description of a soul's journey so devastating that, by contrast, the voyage of the ancient mariner sounds like a Sunday excursion. On the other hand, there appears to be a total misconception of the poem "Evening Prayer", which is in itself one monstrous metaphor overlaid with contributing images. In "The Sleeper in the Valley" one sees Rimbaud's picture at a distance slightly removed:

In a green hollow where a river sings,
Circling the grasses with specks of silver-white,
From his proud steeps the sun ascendant flings
Splendor. The valley scintillates with light.
Open-mouthed, capless, a young soldier lies
Where the fresh blue cresses cool his bare head;
Pale in the light raining down from the skies
He sleeps, stretched at length on his green mossy bed.

His feet bruise the iris where he takes his nap

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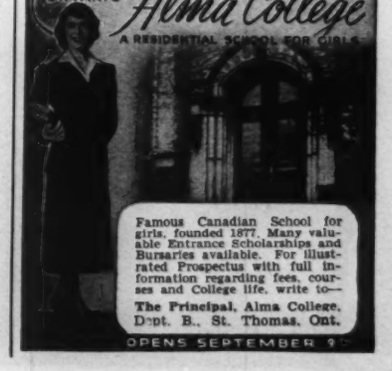

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OPENS SEPTEMBER 9

Smiling like a sick child on its mother's lap;
He is cold. Earth, warm him! Cradle him to rest!
He heeds not the scents that rise about his head;
In the sun he dozes, hand on quiet breast.
In his right side two bullet holes have bled.

Here the twelfth line is a good example of the sort of immediacy that is so often lost in formal translation of poetry. The original line brings to a climax the contrast between the activities of the sun, the river, the growing things, and the inability of the man ever to respond to them again:

Les parfums ne font pas frissonner sa narine;
(Scents do not make his nostrils quiver)
He heeds not the scents that rise about his head;

The translation is under pressure from the exigency of the verse form, but it cannot be denied that Rimbaud's delicate picture undergoes a sea-change in the process.

Mr. Hill's selection of Rimbaud's poems is well-chosen and well-timed. After thirty years of the Eliot purgation, Rimbaud begins to sound radical again.

M. A. H.

OBJECT AND EVENT—by Ronald Hambleton —pp. 38—Ryerson Press—$2.50.

THE GOLDEN ROAD—by Edna Jaques—pp. 86—Thomas Allen $1.25.

THE DRUNKEN BOAT—Thirty-six Poems by Arthur Rimbaud with Translations and an Introduction by Brian Hill—pp. 87—Clarke, Irwin—$2.50.

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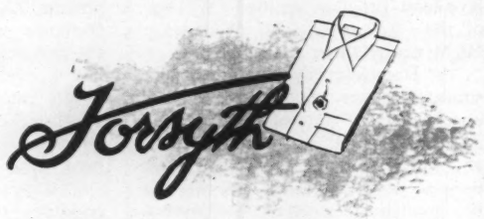

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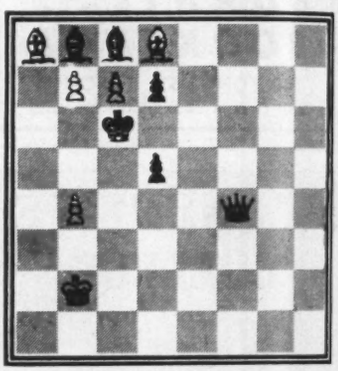
Chess Problem

THE theory of Pawn promotion, its history and development, is an amazing subject, and the origin of this special privilege is buried beyond recovery in the past. We first find it in the Arabic MSS of the ninth century, and here the Pawn could only be transformed to a Queen (Fers) on reaching the eighth rank. In European chess, prior to 1500, the newly promoted Fers had the option of a double jump on its first move, instead of the single step diagonally.

Passing the new Italian chess, 1500 to 1700, the next development was the privilege to promote to any piece, provided its equivalent had been removed from the board by capture. Finally we get this choice of promotion irrespective of previous captures. Somewhere along the line Pawn promotion was also affected by further extension of the power of the Queen to its present strength.

Problem No. 13, by M. Havel
Black—Five Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White to play and mate in two.

Promotion on the mating move is always to either a Queen or a Knight. With a single white Pawn in a two-mover, a noteworthy example by Dr. H. W. Bettman is—White: K on QR3; Rs on QB6 and Q5; Bs on QR7 and Q3; P on QB7. Black: K on QKt2; R on QKt1; B on QR1; Kts on Q1 and KB2. Mate in two. Key 1.R-Q7. Here we get promotion to Knight on three squares, and also to Queen on the same.

No. 13 above is a double fighter, with three model mates resulting from Knight promotions after K-Kt3, P-Q3 and P-Q5.

Solution of Problem No. 12

Key-move 1.Q-R1, waiting.

If B-R6; 2.PxB mate. If BxKt; 2.P-Kt3 mate. If BxFP; 2.P-Kt4 mate. If B-B6; 2.PxB mate.

We give just the theme variations, an example of a black Bishop forcing four mating moves by a single Pawn.

"CENTAUR"

•

Venice, Italy, (AP)—Sahangor Tengku Ahaham-Shan, a sultan of Malaya, arrived with three of his wives.

The potentate, who checked in at a hotel on the Grand Canal with his wives and a 20-person coronation in Britain. —*Toronto Star.*

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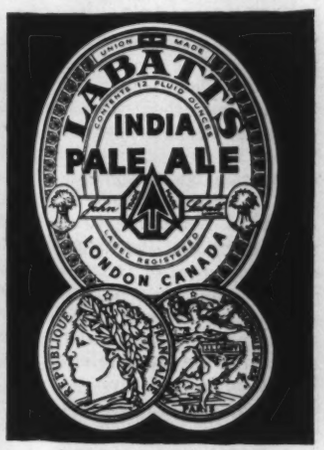

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Sports

Lo, The Poor Breeder

SPEAKING as president of the Canadian Thoroughbred Horse Society, Mr. Edward Plunket Taylor has revealed that the breeders of thoroughbreds in Canada operate their industry at a loss of $1 million annually. This does not look good and, personally, I am not going to buy too much stock in the CTHA. Furthermore, I am a bit surprised that a financier and economist of Mr. Taylor's acknowledged talents should be associated in a business which is consuming red ink at such an alarming rate. The obvious thing to do is to have the Canadian Thoroughbred Society made a subsidiary of Canadian Breweries and get the poor thing back on its feet.

Mr. Taylor produced figures to explain this deficit, but, since I am only a newspaperman who becomes hopelessly addled when confronted by a double-sawbuck, a good deal of it went over my head. The gist of it was that it costs a breeder around $5,000 to bring a yearling thoroughbred horse into the sales ring, and last year the yearlings which were sold at auction brought an average price of $2,113. Even a newspaper scribe can see that a man would go broke in that racket.

Men such as Mr. Taylor, who breed thoroughbred horses in this mechanized age, aren't too preoccupied with the profit motive. It is a hobby-business in which they take pride. However, they can be forgiven if they express a desire to break even on the deal.

The thoroughbred horse industry has some interesting by-products, such as torn pari-mutuel tickets and mushrooms. The cultivation of mushrooms is a tricky business which is almost entirely dependent on horses. *Les champignons* do not flourish unless they are nourished by good old-fashioned horse manure.

Signor Antonio Orlando, the Toronto Mushroom King, acknowledges his great debt to the horse industry. He expresses his gratitude in an extremely practical manner. With almost frantic zeal, he patronizes the pari-mutuel machines at Ontario's race tracks every afternoon. He expends vast sums in this pursuit and he is devastated if he fails to reach the wicket in time to wager on every race. He tears up his tickets with the greatest goodwill. Tearing up three or four pounds of tickets after a race, he says cheerfully: "What the hell! I gotta encourage the horsemen. No horses—no mushrooms. Pretty soon, no Orlando."

Apparently more persons than the dedicated members of the Mushroom-Lovers' Society are interested in horse racing. It has become apparent, in recent years, that horse racing is North America's largest spectator

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Toronto, April 22, 1953

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NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable June 1, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on May 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

KENNETH C. BENNINGTON.
Secretary.

Newmarket, Ontario,
April 30, 1953.

sport. The bangtails out-draw baseball, football, basketball and all other athletic pastimes over a twelve-month period. Recently, on a midweek day in New York, an ordinary program of racing at Jamaica attracted more customers than the combined home games of the world champion New York Yankees and the near-world champion Brooklyn Dodgers.

On Coronation Day, June 2, Canada's largest sporting crowd will cram Toronto's venerable Woodbine Park to watch the 94th running of The Queen's Plate. If the weather is kind, the crowd will exceed 50,000 persons. Canada's other great national sporting event, the Grey Cup football final between the champions of the West and the champions of the East, draws something less than 28,000 at comparable tariffs. Even last year, when veteran observers agreed that the weather conditions were the worst for any North American stake race in the past 25 years, 40,000 persons scorned the deluge and sat patiently in the rain while the starter attempted to send away 22 thoroughbreds on a nine-furlong mud-soaked run for Her Majesty's Guineas.

Because of its tremendous popularity and because of its dependence upon pari-mutuel wagering, horse racing invariably is the target of the reformers. No one ever suggests that the stock market, a much more extensive gambling device, should be closed, but the poor old race track regularly comes under fire. The reformers apparently overlook the fact that horse racing primarily is an entertainment and no one is compelled to wager. Additionally, the man who wagers on a horse race is well aware of the fact that the odds against his winning, over any prolonged period, are slightly better than 4-to-5.

Occasionally, in its earnest desire to police its own sport and keep it clean, horse racing exposes a small scandal which is ballooned out of all proportions when it is reported in the public prints. There was a much-publicized case in Ontario two years ago. The main actor was a Toronto bookmaker who enjoyed such small prestige in his own profession that his brother-in-law (another bookmaker) beat him over the head with a baseball bat. The other actors were some nit-witted young jockeys, who ruined their careers by accepting piffling bribes of $100 or $200 to detain their steeds.

The entire "scandal," which involved something like five races, was exposed by the Ontario Racing Commissioners who, if they had wished, could have booted the malefactors out of racing without saying anything about it, publicly. Nonetheless, much was made of it and no one bothered to remind the public that, in the same season, more than 2,000 other races were contested in Ontario without any suggestion of malfeasance.

There is the odd bad egg in every shipment. Even in that season of 2,000 races, the over-all percentage of .25 "duds" would be shrugged off by any manufacturer. As R. James Speers, one of Canada's finest racing men, is fond of saying: "There's a bit of larceny in every one—unfortunately, you notice it more around a race track."

Perhaps, I should explain that I love horse racing. There are few human experiences which can match the thrill of breeding a colt, raising him and then, one bright day, watching him come tip-toeing into the winner's circle. Horse racing need offer no apologies for itself when you consider that, for every conniving sharpie, there are hundreds of decent men associated with the sport.

The men who own race horses know that they are on a one-way road to the Country Alms House. For some years, your agent's budget has been something like this:

Gross Salary	$12,000
Income Tax	3,000
Care and feeding of horse	2,400
Care and feeding of children	1,200
Trips for horse's trainer to Hialeah	2,000
Holiday for wife and children	25
Shoes for wife and children	30
Shoes for horse	200
Winter vacation for horse at Boca Raton	2,000
Medicines and drugs for horse	1,000
Blue Cross for wife and children	78
Nomination fees (stakes) for horse	200
Steaks for trainer	200
Medicinal spirits for trainer	300
Soda bicarbonate for owner	200
Food for family	600
Clothes for family	150
Losing Wagers	1,000
New hat for wife	3
Winning purses	000
Net loss on Year	$2,586

There are only two groups which profit from horse racing—the provincial governments of Canada and, to a very much smaller degree, the race tracks.

Edward Plunket Taylor highlighted this situation when he was speaking to the Canadian Thoroughbred Horse Society. He pointed out that the profits of the race tracks are only nominal and are ploughed back into better purses for horsemen. Mr. Taylor is a forthright man and he put it up to the Government of Ontario squarely. He said: cut the provincial taxes on pari-mutuel wagering and the race tracks will be able to offer better purses and the breeding industry will be able to pay its way.

He went even further than that. He went on to say that the Ontario Jockey Club is planning to build racing's super-plant on the western outskirts of Toronto. That track would (if built) provide some of the best racing in the world. But, Mr. Taylor made it plain that this track will be built only if the provincial government reduces its "bite" from the pari-mutuel wagering.

Larger purses are better for every one—for the breeder, for the owner, and for the Two-Buck Bettor who knows that, with that heavy dough on the line, he's getting an honest run for his money.

And if that isn't enough, shouldn't the provincial government consider Signor Antonio Orlando and his champignons?

JIM COLEMAN

Business

Study In Human Action: The Stock Market

THE STOCK MARKET is a study in human action. It is a mirror that reflects the hopes, fears and judgment of all who have anything to do with it. It lives because people live, and hope and speculate on the future. If it did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it.

Almost from the dawn of time, participation in ventures by means of "shares" has been the motive power behind all the brave and hazardous voyages that have filled the pages of history. In fact, commercial records of ancient trading have provided the best knowledge of early history.

The story of empires can be told in the stories of their markets. When Hammurabi, in ancient Sumeria, attempted to regulate prices, he set in motion the forces that destroyed Sumeria and sent it back to the desert. The bread and oil decrees of the Roman emperors meant the decline and fall of the Roman empire. The Huns and Vandals merely demolished a rigid shell from which the vitality had departed.

In the past several years we have seen assorted attempts to regulate the markets again. After nearly two decades of New Dealism, bulk buying and other forms of economic tinkering, the truth is prevailing that only free markets can effectively adjust the processes of production to the processes of distribution.

The stock markets of the world, which are the regulating factor in apportioning the flow of capital to the productive and distributive agencies, have suffered the least interference. They have been, and are, the most sensitive barometers of our economic health.

William Peter Hamilton, editor of the *Wall Street Journal* in the 1920's, stated the reason for the action of the stock market better than anyone. He said: "The pragmatic basis for the theory of the stock market, a working hypothesis if nothing more, lies in human nature itself. Prosperity will drive men to excess, and repentance for the consequence of those excesses will produce a corresponding depression."

The market, with its lure of profits, has the gravitational pull of a planet. Among the traders you will find gamblers, speculators and investors. These are not rigid categories but definitions. The long-term investor can fall as much a victim to wild hope as the rankest gambler who prays to take a profit from chance. The difference between gambler and speculator is indistinguishable to some. Yet there is a major difference in their action and approach to the market. By definition, gambling is hazard without intelligence, speculation is hazard with intelligence. The gambler bases his play upon the turn of a card. The speculator takes a calculated position based upon his analysis of all the facts that he can muster.

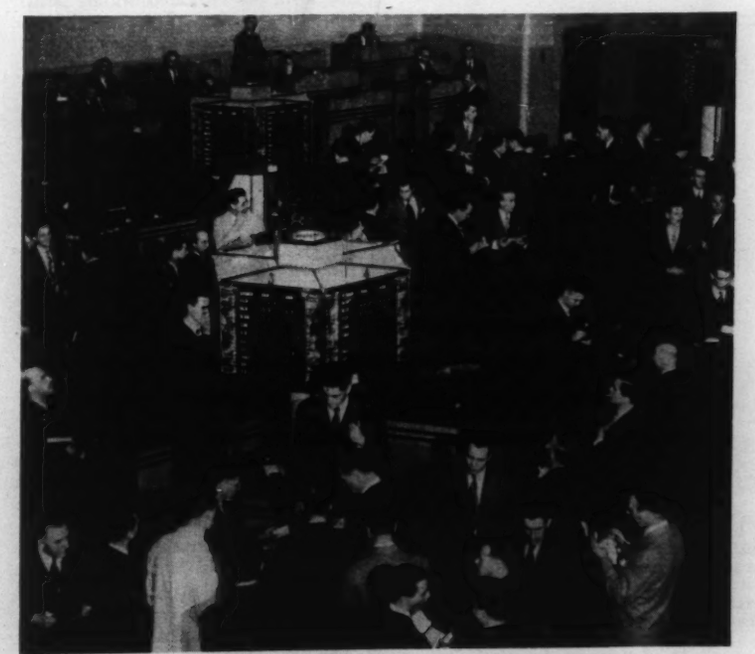
Who makes the prices that appear upon the ticker tape and in the financial pages of the daily papers? The people who trade upon the market; they make the market.

In Robert Edward's definition: "The market price of a stock reflects not only the differing value opinions of many orthodox security appraisers, but also the hopes, fears, guesses and moods, rational and irrational, of hundreds of potential buyers and sellers, as well as their needs and resources—in total factors which defy analysis and for which no statistics are available, but which nevertheless are all synthesized, weighed and finally expressed in the one precise figure at which a buyer and a seller get together and make a deal (through their agents, their respective stock brokers)."

This holds true of all but optioned stocks. In promotion issues, in which a promotor, sponsor or operator holds options to purchase treasury stock in an agreement to "market" the stock, manipulation is present in varying degrees.

The stock exchanges, as entities, are indifferent to the motivating forces that set prices. Their function is to provide a free market in which the prices of stocks are set in open auction.

The traders, clustered around a trading post, such as post 8 of the Toronto Stock Exchange shown below, place bids and offerings that are relayed to them from the brokers' offices where clients are placing their orders. The "post boy," with the telephone in his hand, relays these changing bids and "asks" to the teleregister operators at the main quotation board. As fast as human ear and hand can follow the pace of trading, these operators set and reset the master board. This board, by an intricate electronic system, not only resets the quotations on the trading posts but also delivers



Orders being executed by brokers and floor traders at one of the posts at the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Gilbert A. Milne

Operators at an intricate electronic master board keep instant pace with Stock Exchange trading.

replies to the coded demands of the quotation tickers that are dialed from every brokerage office. On a busy day this giant master board, of which only one section is shown (above), buzzes like a hive of angry bees.

To many a visitor to the gallery of the exchange, the scene of shouting, surging humanity, which swarms around one post and then another, is incomprehensible. When viewed through understanding eyes, it is a scene of high speed efficiency.

The traders take their orders from the phone men, seen in the background, often in a sequence of hand signals that take long practice to master. Each trader wears a numbered badge, and when he places a bid or offer with the post boy, that badge number is marked on the little blackboards that flank the quotation dials on the trading posts. Thus, not only what is offered or bid is shown, but also who is offering or bidding. The shouts that are heard from the traders are calls to other traders to complete trades. Incidentally, it takes about three months for the ear to become accustomed to the general noise before individual voices can be identified.

This system of open auction is as ancient as time, but its very antiquity is its guarantee that the first to bid or offer shall be the first to be served, even as in the market places of ancient Egypt and India.

The market, like the weather, is always supposed to be "fair." The only complaints one hears of the market is when it is going down. The recent sharp decline in New York evoked all sorts of scathing editorial comment upon the "gamblers" and others of low degree who caused prices to decline because of the so-called "peace scare."

Now, gamblers and speculators of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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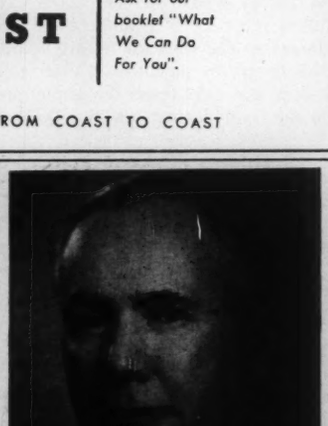

GEORGE L. STEWART

John R. White was elected president of Imperial Oil Ltd. in succession to George L. Stewart following the company's annual general meeting. Mr. Stewart, who has been Imperial's president since 1949, becomes chairman of the board. Mr. White, a native of London, Ont., and a graduate of the University of Toronto, has been with Imperial since 1933. He spent seven years in the oil business abroad—from 1937 to 1944—and became a vice-president of Standard Oil of Venezuela, a post he relinquished on his return to Imperial. He became a director and vice-president in 1945, and executive vice-president in 1950. Mr. Stewart was born in Winnipeg and graduated from McGill in 1914. After two years on the university staff he joined Imperial Oil. He rose through the manufacturing department, becoming a vice-president and director in 1944.

Gold & Dross

Western Leaseholds

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased 200 shares of Western Leaseholds at $10 per share. Since that time it has declined approximately 40 per cent in price. Have you any information on this company?—Westerner, Toronto.*

The company has interests in some 135 producing oil wells in Alberta. Oil reserves, of which about 33 million barrels are in the Redwater field, are now estimated to be in excess of 40 million barrels.

As the last available reports are for 1951 operations, we must use rough calculation to estimate a statistical valuation per share. Based on the standard of $1 per barrel, these reserves give a valuation of 5.70 per share to the 7 million shares outstanding. This is in line with the present market valuation of 6.

The step-up in production allowables, due with completion of the pipeline to the west this summer, should result in a considerable increase in production from the 1.5 million barrels produced in 1951.

This should provide sufficient earnings to improve the working capital position of the company.

Okalta Oils

AT PRESENT *I hold some Okalta shares for which I paid $4.25. What are the prospects for this stock? —M. C. D., Montreal.*

Okalta is currently drilling in the Golden Spike field and plans development this summer of some 8,800 acres in the Sedalia area, where seismic work has indicated drilling possibilities.

On the basis of total assets of $1.38 per share, the stock shows a statistical overvaluation of 1.7 to one. Oil reserves are unstated, but the company has interests in about 40 wells in Alberta.

Pacific Petroleums

I AM *considering making an investment in western oil stocks. Do you think Pacific Petroleums Ltd. a good company to invest in and a good buy here?—L. L. D., Montreal, Que.*

Pacific Pete is one of the most aggressive development companies in the West. Besides its large interest in the Redwater field, where reserves are estimated at some 17 million barrels, it has, with its affiliates Peace River Natural Gas and Canadian Atlantic Oil, effectively developed the Fort St. John gas field to prove up some 1,750 billion cu. ft. of natural gas.

Through its affiliate, Westcoast Gas Transmission, it is endeavoring to bring this gas to market in the Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane, Portland area. Westcoast has been granted a 22-year permit from the Federal Government for the export of this gas to the U.S. A final decision on its application to enter the U.S. is now awaited from the Federal Power Commission in Washington. This may come around the end of this month. Financing arrangements for the proposed $111 million gas pipeline have been completed. Both New York and Canadian groups are participating in the project.

On the basis of the oil and gas reserves, we can calculate an approximate per share value of 7. The present market price of 11 represents a statistical overvaluation of the shares of 1.5 to 1. This ratio seems conservative in view of the present prospects, and the stock appears to be a buy on any price weakness.

Sweet Grass Oil

AS A SUBSCRIBER *to* SATURDAY NIGHT, *I would appreciate receiving your opinion on Sweet Grass Oils Limited as a speculative stock and your advice regarding disposition of my present holdings.—J. R. F., Toronto.*

Sweet Grass has been declining in a broad pattern of distribution since the high of 1.50 was marked last year. Only 302,625 shares now remain in the treasury, with 4,697,375 shares outstanding after purchases of 50,000 at 56¼ cents, 10,000 at 48¾ and 20,000 at 46½ cents under the underwriting agreement we reported April 13.

From the recent market action it appears that support is being maintained at 50. If support continues, a recovery to 75-80 seems possible.

Wright-Hargreaves

WILL YOU *kindly advise me if you would recommend Wright-Hargreaves Mines as a buy at the present time? What are the prospects of it advancing in price and what are the prospects of it ever becoming the mine it used to be when it was $12 a share?—L. McN.*

Wright-Hargreaves is a very different mine and a very different company from when the stock last sold at 12 in 1927. The main shafts are now more than a mile deep and the stock was split two for one in 1927. Costs of production have increased greatly since then. Due to the great depth of the workings, now 7,272 feet, and the ore structure now being encountered, it seems likely that costs will remain high.

With these factors in mind, the management has decided to expand the company's operations into the western oil and base metal fields. Several wells have been brought in by Anglo American Exploration Ltd., in which Wright-Hargreaves holds a large interest. A large number of

claims had been acquired in the Bathurst area, and the Utik Lake area of Manitoba is being explored.

With $4,118,873 of working capital, at last report, the company is in an excellent position to develop any ore bodies of commercial proportions and grade that it may locate.

The gold operation, while providing a 12-cent dividend, which yields 5 per cent on the present price of 2.16, is expected to become of secondary importance to the oil and base metal operations.

The price of 2.16 shows a market valuation of two to one on the reported total assets of $6,746,205. On this basis, the stock seems a reasonable speculation for a possible advance to 3.

New Norseman Mines

I WOULD *be glad to have information on New Norseman Mines, having bought 1,000 shares three months ago. The shares have not been quoted on the Toronto Stock Exchange for some time. What are its prospects?—G. P., Willowdale, Ont.*

New Norseman was reorganized, on a one for two basis, into Norsewick Mines. The new company has acquired a number of claims in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick.

Only preliminary work has been done on the property as yet and considerable drilling must be done before the prospects can be evaluated.

Nubar Mines

WHAT FIELD *is Nubar Mines active in, and what are the prospects of speculation at 30 cents per share?—F. W. C., Parry Sound, Ont.*

The latest chapter in the history of this company is the acquisition of 40 claims in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick. Previously, the company had attempted to develop some properties in Quebec, near Batchelor Lake, and in British Columbia. As almost all of the 3.5 million shares of the capital stock have been issued, it would appear necessary to reorganize the company if favorable results were obtained from the Bathurst property.

Thus, the stock, having been run up from 11 cents to 78 cents recently, does not seem to be a "bargain" at 30 cents.

MacLeod-Cockshutt

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion about the future prospects of MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines?—H. R. E. G., Montreal.*

MacLeod is a producing gold mine which is still operating at a profit. Earnings for 1952 were reported at 16.7 cents per share. Ore reserves were estimated at 1,518,239 tons, with an average grade of 0.167 oz. per ton. At the present milling rate of 400,000 tons per year this assures production for the next four years.

If the price of gold remains unchanged, which seems very likely, the only way net profits can improve is for costs of wages and materials to decline. This would require a recession in business activity in general.

As a speculation in gold, the stock appears reasonably priced at 2.40. This is close to the long-term base the stock has formed over the past few years at 2.25. Supply will be heavy above 3.

Canadian Williston

I AM HOLDING *several hundred shares of Canadian Williston Oil which I purchased for $4.00 per share. As the stock has been fluctuating between 2.25 and 2.90 for several months now, is it advisable to hold?—S. K. E., Niagara Falls, Ont.*

Canadian Williston remains in the "land play" stage, with only a half interest in 1,400,000 acres of freehold mineral interests in Manitoba and Saskatchewan listed as assets. Any estimate of value is made by the current price of the stock.

The chart pattern of this issue affords us the only means of arriving at a conclusion as to its probable price action. The history of this stock shows that from the listing low of 2.05 the price lifted sharply, in three well defined advances, that brought it to the high of 6.50. From this point a long downtrend, caused by distribution of stock, brought the price back to 2.20 last December. A primary recovery, which signalled a change of trend, lifted the price to 3.30 in January and the normal reaction brought the price back into the 2.60-3.00 level at which it has been wavering for weeks.

From this action it appears that the stock is forming a base from which to attempt an uptrend. When this will begin will depend upon general market conditions, but analysis of the chart pattern indicates a crossing of 3.05 should signal an advance to objective of 3.75.

In Brief

I BOUGHT *some Quebec Labrador which has since dropped considerably in value. Would you recommend that I hold it for the long term, cut my losses or sell on the next rise? —J. R. C., St. Stephen, N.B.*

Cut your losses on a rally.

I WOULD *much appreciate some information regarding the prospects of Cinch Lake Uranium Mines. —J. M. B., Riverside, Ont.*

At last report, the drilling program had failed to outline sufficient ore for commercial production. The property has been inactive since last fall.

WOULD YOU *give me your opinion on Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company as an investment at the present price?—C.K.A. Burford, Ont.*

Hudson Bay does not appear attractive as an investment at present prices. Base metal prices show no sign of halting their present decline and the stock will likely go lower.

WOULD YOU *advise buying Red Hawk Gold Mines?—W. J., Toronto, Ont.*

I would not.

DO YOU *consider Spring Coulee Oil Company an attractive buy at 30 cents?—R.P.A., Kamloops, B.C.*

No.

The Right Decision

Sometimes investors are content to take a chance when purchasing a new security.

But usually they wish to be sure beyond reasonable doubt that the security they select is the right one for their needs.

In the latter case, many wise investors consult us. The advice of our organization, with its many years of training and experience in the securities field, is usually invaluable to them in making the right decision.

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WHERE are those URANIUM mines???

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.....

WHERE is ***BEAVERLODGE*** in relation to Edmonton, Peace River, Yellowknife and Great Slave Lake?

HOW do you convert U.308 equivalent into dollars and cents?

.....

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Beaverlodge is humming with activity, right now, but within a few weeks, many additional companies, whose treasuries are literally "bulging" with money, will have their exploration and development programs in full swing. It means news, news and more news. It promises to be one of the most exciting periods in the entire history of Canadian mining.

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PLEASE WRITE VERY PLAINLY

Stock Market

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

all types perform an important function in any market. By their purchases and sales, both long and short, they provide a fluid market that can rapidly adjust itself to any situation, no matter how surprising—and markets are surprised but rarely. The reason for this is not profound or mysterious; each one who comes to trade on the market registers his cash opinion, good or bad, foolish or wise. Every scrap of knowledge is submitted to an acid test. Every trade is made upon a varying mixture of emotions and intelligence, and by the simple factor of cancellation the market records, in its longer-term movements, an emotionless verdict that at times is frightening in its prescience.

This action is accomplished by a series of swings that over a longer period of time show a definite trend. It is the trend that tells the story. If intelligent investors and speculators expect that business activity and business profits and dividends will decline, they sell stocks. These stocks, of course, must be bought by someone else who disagrees with the sellers, otherwise there would be no exchange. It is the impersonal character of the stock market, where buyer and seller only meet through their appointed agents, that gives it its greatest value as an indicator and determinant of economic trends.

In true definition, the stock market is a place where buyer and seller meet, each disagreeing upon the value of the stock that is traded. The seller considers money of more value than the stock, and the buyer considers the stock of more value than the money. It is obvious that one must be wrong and just as obvious that only 50 per cent of the people trading at any given moment can be right in their decisions.

Bay Street (or any other financial street) has truly been called the street of regrets. Listen in any brokerage office and you will hear, "If I had", or "What I should", more than any other phrase. The "sold out bull" and the sorrowing "long" both must nurse their regrets. Of all stern masters, the market is the most unforgiving and merciless. No flaw in logic remains unseen and no mistake remains long uncorrected.

The stock market, in its shorter swings, is often erratic, irrational and subject to either over-enthusiasm or over-pessimism. These periods are only transitory moments in the continuing sequence of the market. Those who buy in haste at the top of a market, in blind enthusiasm, will eventually repent at leisure, when those who speculate by seeking to buy stocks for less than their real worth and selling them when they have advanced beyond their real worth, are looking for another situation in which to employ their funds.

When good stocks are sold they are registering the opinion of those who assess the changing situation first—for example, the sellers who have been disposing of their holdings since the first of January. When their selling depresses the market (and it takes considerable pressure to depress the 88 million shares of General Motors a point, let alone the $880 million they have depreciated in three months), this selling serves to shut off the flow of funds to uneconomic ventures. The flow of capital is redirected to those outlets where the factors of production, including labor, can be most economically and profitably employed.

The markets are not a tool for gamblers. Neither are they a cork bobbing upon the waves of chance. To damn them is futile. To observe them is an education.

W. P. SNEAD

●

Possibly to show that the business is really in the groove, the U.S.'s Capitol Records, Inc., this year dispensed with the traditional glossy-covered annual report and presented its review of progress on a 45 rpm long-playing record.

In 10 years the company has grown from a small local outfit situated on the West coast to one of America's top four record companies. In addition to announcing details of profits and dividends, the 13-minute waxed report includes excerpts from top-selling records which have helped the company to its present position. Pleasant listening indeed for the stockholders.

BRAZILIAN TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

(Incorporated under the laws of Canada)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Directors of this Company has declared a DIVIDEND of Fifty (50) cents (Canadian) per share on the Company's issued Ordinary Shares of no par value, PAYABLE on June 16th, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business on May 13th, 1953.

The dividend on shares represented by Share Warrants to Bearer will be paid against surrender of Coupon No. 96 at one of the places of payment specified below.

Payment of this dividend to non-residents of Canada will, where applicable, be subject to deduction of Canadian Non-Resident Income Tax.

Places at which coupons may be lodged for payment:

In BELGIUM, at Brussels:—
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.
Banque de Bruxelles, S.A.
Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, S.A.
Banque de Reports et de Depôts, S.A.
Banque de la Société Générale de Belgique, S.A.
Kredietbank, S.A.
Nagelmackers Fils et Cie.

In FRANCE, at Paris:—
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.

In the NETHERLANDS, at Amsterdam:—
Amsterdamsche Bank N.V.

In the UNITED KINGDOM, at London:—
The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In CANADA, at the Head Office of the Company:—
25 King Street West, Toronto.

For the convenience of holders of Bearer Share Warrants, arrangements have been made for the payment of coupons in Canadian currency against surrender thereof at any of the places specified above and subject to regulations in force at each place of payment.

Full information as to the procedure to be followed can be obtained in Brussels from Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited, or in Paris or Amsterdam, from the banks there specified, or in the United Kingdom from the Company's Agents, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London E.C.1, England or from the Company in Toronto.

Dated at Toronto, Canada, the 28th day of April, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
R. T. DONALD,
Secretary.

The Transfer Agents of the Company are National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada; and The National City Bank of New York, New York, U.S.A., who should be notified promptly of any change of address.

Ashley & Crippen

W. CARL CANNON: President, Frigidaire Products of Canada, Ltd.

Who's Who in Business

SOME OF the associates of W. Carl Cannon say that he can always find a trout when nobody else can, which isn't surprising, because a trout stream runs through the 20-acre grounds of his home at Downsview, Ontario.

But while the luckiest fisherman can have an occasional bad spell and an off season, Mr. Cannon's business success has been steady. He sold his first refrigerator (for $1,080) in the early 1920's, kept on selling them right through the depression years and now heads a company that makes and sells refrigerators—and dozens of other items from drying machines to air conditioning units—to a big percentage of the Canadian market.

The sturdy (5 feet 9½ inches, 178 pounds) president and general manager of Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, a wholly owned subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, moved into the top job in 1943, ten years after the company opened its first Canadian factory in a smoke-stained Toronto warehouse.

Today, he directs operations from a walnut-panelled office in Frigidaire's luxurious new plant on Scarborough's Golden Mile of Industry. His glass-topped office desk is probably the least cluttered in the plant, and this he credits more to his efficient secretary than to his own tidy habits.

The smaller Leaside plant is still in operation, but these days it is kept busy on defence work more than anything else.

Born at Sharbot Lake, Ontario, 53 years ago, the son of a store owner, Carl Cannon attended high school in Florida and began work early by selling lighting equipment to farmers to help finance his studies at Queen's University. When the company's Frigidaire dealership outgrew the lighting company, a choice of careers opened to him and he staked his confidence on the refrigerator business. Since then, although he hasn't sold refrigerators to the Eskimos, he's done business with almost every other group, first as branch manager at Kingston, Ottawa and Toronto and then, in 1933, as Canadian sales manager.

In that job he travelled across the country at least two dozen times. These days, apart from a certain amount of business travelling, his longer trips are mainly for pleasure—to Winnipeg for duck hunting, to Northern Ontario for pheasant shooting and to the East Coast for salmon fishing.

Sport plays a big part in his life—fishing in particular. He also hunts, shoots and owns a 36-foot diesel cruiser. This not only ensures his membership in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the National Yacht Club but also gives him a cool place to take business visitors to dinner on hot summer nights. The name for his cruiser, Seagun III, derives from "C. Cannon", and was the inspiration of an old friend. He also holds a pilot's license, obtained 28 years ago, but rarely flies for pleasure now and no longer owns a plane of his own.

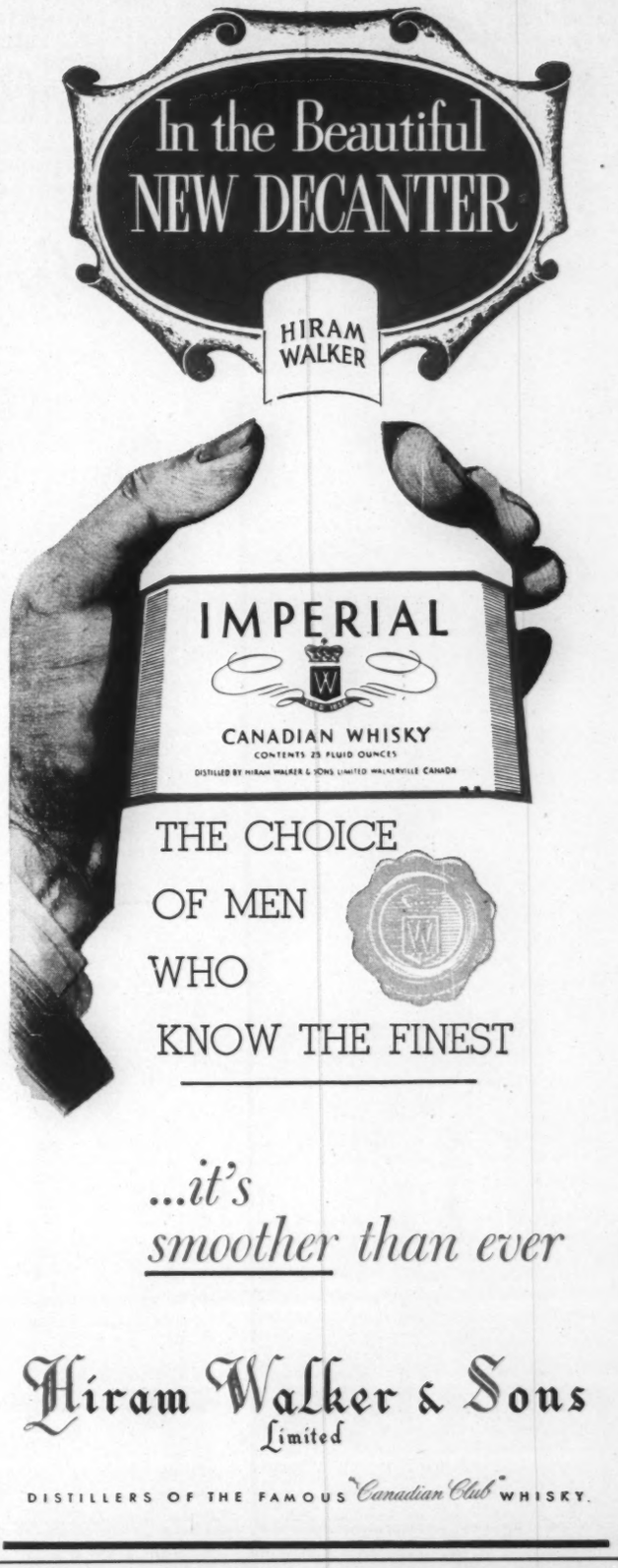
In 1925 he also obtained another license—a marriage license. He and his wife, Mildred, have two sons, Edward, who is studying forestry at the University of Toronto, and 24-year-old Donald, at present with the De Havilland Aircraft Company in England.

For the past few years, and increasingly since the opening of the airy Frigidaire plant on the 86-acre Scarborough site last year, the accent has been more and more on Canadian-made products and less on the imported models which once formed the bulk of the company's Canadian sales. In this change, Carl Cannon has played an important part, and he still sees his job as a challenge.

"Despite the modern acceptance of refrigerators, washing machines and the like as necessities and not luxuries," he says, "there is still a tremendous market for our goods."

Says Frigidaire's Canadian president about current business developments: "Increasing sales for our company's products not only *reflect* this country's growing prosperity but are helping to maintain it."

JOHN WILCOCK



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"No, son, we don't. Right now a great deal of our nickel is going into defense equipment. Here in Canada we produce about 90 per cent of the world's nickel. So we share it with Great Britain, the United States and other peace-loving countries to keep the defense program going in those countries as well as in our own."

"But when the threat of war is over, will we keep all our nickel at home?"

"We can't do that either, son. If we did, this country could use only about 10 per cent of the nickel we produce. There's another reason too. We bring in a lot of things we need from other lands—things like cotton, oranges, china, tea and coffee. The nickel we export helps provide the money to pay for these things."

"The Romance of Nickel" a 72 page book fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

INCO Nickel

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Business Reports

THIS IS not a new complaint but it is still justified: of all the indigestible chunks of prose produced by financial houses, the prospectus covering a new stock issue is about the toughest. Abstruse legal phraseology covers pages and pages of fine print, defeating its real purpose. The law states that every prospective purchaser of the issue shall be provided with a prospectus. The purpose of this law is to provide "full and complete disclosure". That it may do, but it is a fair bet that 99 per cent of the customers never get past the first page.

We have one on our desk that covers 66 sheets of foolscap paper and weighs no less than half a pound. It contains the stickiest mixture of legal, financial and geological terminology that could be devised. About all the average man could get out of it is eyestrain.

Couldn't these things be done more simply? We think they could, to the benefit of all. Actually the essential information could be presented on a page or two of paper in a readable form that anyone could understand.

What started out as a means of protecting the prospective stock buyer has developed into a baffling mass of technical jargon.

In short, a prospectus doesn't do what it is supposed to do. Let us have a short, standard form that is readable, and maybe the things will get read.

Next on the list is the annual report. Some companies put out very readable booklets. Well illustrated with pictures of the companies' products, plants and processes, they tell the story of the year's business in a comprehensive but simple way.

Other companies supply the bare minimum the law requires, and seem pained about doing even that. Some don't even bother to tell what they make, let alone how they sell the product and make a profit out of it. The reader needs a reference book to find out whether the company makes bottles, balloons or boilers.

The audited statements they contain are usually about as solemn and revealing as an undertaker's smile. To the average shareholder, the bookkeeping is as mysterious as King Tut's tomb, and leaves him just as cold.

We sometimes wonder whether the desire of the management in these cases is to conceal more than they reveal. Certainly these "bare bones" reports leave the impression that the management considers that what the company does is none of the shareholders' business.

A direct contrast is provided by the companies who go to no end of trouble with charts and diagrams to explain how everything went during the year, how the money was earned and how it was spent. The annual report not only sells one on the company but on its products as well.

About the strangest thing in many annual reports is the President's message. Men who can give a two-hour speech to a chamber of commerce, and make it entertaining and instructive, suddenly become the souls of brevity and reticence. A few paragraphs of what happened last year, a short bit about the coming year, and that's it.

There are prizes given for the best annual reports; more competition could do a lot of good, not only in better public relations but in a better understanding of industry by the people who are most important to it, the shareholders, the workers and the consumers.

W. P. S.

Lethbridge's Record

In many respects the southern Alberta city of Lethbridge (pop: 22,947) had a record year in 1952. To celebrate this event the city has issued a rainbow-hued brochure which deals with the progress of its district in six separate fields.

Over the year, this area's production of livestock, farm produce, coal, oil and gas, and manufactured goods amounted to a record $173½ million —more than 30 per cent higher than the previous year's figures. Because of the bad weather late in 1951, which made it impossible to gather in all the grain crop, last year was also reckoned as the year of two harvests.

It is ironic that though the booklet proclaims, "Lethbridge owes its existence to coal"—its first mine was opened in 1870—coal was one of the few things in 1952 which experienced a drop in production. Shortage of labor was given as the main reason.

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Gems: A Tricky Business

THE GEM BUSINESS, perhaps more than any other business in the world, lends itself ideally to fraudulent practices, with the fairly recent discovery of how to make synthetic gems adding to the faker's bag of tricks. So ingenious are the methods of these fakers and unethical dealers that honest merchants know no rest from their chicanery.

Paradoxically, synthetics are just as real and pure as nature's, having the same physical and chemical properties. Scientists use the same chemicals which nature employs, duplicate her methods more or less and produce quickly and fairly cheaply any amount of synthetic gems, particularly sapphires and rubies. These jewels are made primarily for bearings in watches, fine instruments and military equipment, although many men and women wear synthetic stones because they cannot afford nature's product.

To grow rubies, powdered aluminum oxide and chromic oxide are sifted into a hot oxygen-hydrogen flame; they melt and drip below to form a boule (approximating a crystal in nature). If blue sapphires are desired, titanium and iron are substituted for chromic oxide, sapphires and rubies being varieties of the same mineral, corundum.

Only with the aid of special scientific apparatus, which shows up certain slight differences, can the best synthetics be distinguished from nature's stones. But most jewellers do not possess this equipment and are not trained to use it.

Synthetic star sapphires and star rubies are as yet a little too perfect—the stars show up more sharply than in the natural gems—and are fairly easily recognized. An ingenuous substitute is a clear star quartz, softer and much cheaper, whose base is covered with a special blue, or red, paint. To all appearances the whole stone possesses a soft, lovely blue or red coloring, with the natural six-rayed star glowing in its depths.

The successful synthesizing of emeralds is a secret process known to only one man, C. F. Chatham, a chemist in San Francisco. Oddly enough, he could create at first only perfect emeralds, something nature rarely accomplishes. By dint of much experimenting, he succeeded in 1935 in producing them with flaws and then was ready to compete in the market with the natural emeralds, though in limited quantities. As they take ten months to grow, the selling price almost equals that of natural ones.

Although Chatham refuses to deal with any but the most ethical dealers, a Toronto gemmologist on a recent buying trip in Paris saw a few of Chatham's synthetic emeralds being sold as the real thing. Somewhere, somehow, the swindlers have found a weak link and have sneaked in on this deal, too.

The business of creating synthetic jewels is reaching such perfection, however, that expert gemmologists feel the day is coming when even they will not be able to detect which is which.

Attempts to synthesize the diamond, to date, have been largely unsuccessful. Any diamond crystals so far produced have been so small and inferior as to be worthless. Until recently no stone surpassed the diamond in fire and sparkle. But scientists have just discovered an amazing and inexpensive substitute—synthetic rutile, or Titania as it is called in the trade. The mineral rutile, when it occurs naturally, is uninteresting in color, being either brown or black. But when synthesized in the laboratory, it comes out completely water-clear and with more play of colors than a diamond. There are two drawbacks, however. It exhibits the slightest tinge of yellow and is much softer than a diamond. Therefore, it requires the greatest of care, particularly if worn in ring settings.

Before the general public was aware of these new synthetic gems, unscrupulous salesmen worked overtime peddling them for diamonds. Among the first to be duped in Canada were the pawnbrokers. The Canadian Jewellers' Association soon alerted its members to this new racket.

MANY other stones are often substituted for diamonds—colorless sapphires, beryl, topaz, zircons and quartz. While all possess a similar crystal clearness, their play of colors is much inferior and none has the durability of the diamond. Zircons and quartz, particularly, could not take the wear and tear of everyday living without quickly losing their lustre.

As most transparent gemstones have a disconcerting way of occurring in just about all the colors of the rainbow, this same substitution can be carried out among them. Yellow quartz (citrine) can be identical in color to yellow topaz. Yet the latter ranks higher in value due to its superior hardness and its rarity. The softer red spinel and red garnet often masquerade as the harder rubies.

To befuddle the innocent layman even more, a confusing nomenclature prevails among gems. A "Balas ruby," for instance, refers to red spinel. "Brazilian sapphire" is blue tourmaline. "Water sapphire" is a topaz. A "Ceylon diamond" is a zircon. "Spanish topaz" is quartz. The numerous red garnets found in association with diamonds in South Africa were a drug on the market until someone dreamed up the term "Cape rubies" for them. Ethical jewellers the world over deplore these misleading terms and avoid their use. But unethical dealers—well, it's too good a chance to miss!

Doublets and triplets are another snare for the unwary. Doublets are two halves of stones cemented together to give the illusion of one large stone. The crown might be a top quality diamond or sapphire or garnet, while the base is made of some material of poor quality. In a false doublet, glass would be used for the base.

Triplets usually consist of two pieces of rock crystal with colored glass in the centre. The color of the glass depends on the gem which it is supposed to represent. Only by dropping the triplet in water can one see its construction and then only at a certain angle. The evidence of these composite stones is one good reason some customers choose their gems before they are mounted.

THE ONLY course for the prospective buyer of precious gems, in the face of all this trickery, is to deal at all times with reputable and qualified gem merchants. The services of qualified gemmologists are preferable. These are either graduates of the Gemmological Institute of America or the Gemmological Association of Britain and are competent to identify any gem whether natural, synthetic or imitation, by means of scientific apparatus. The number of such gemmologists in Canada is surprisingly few—around 20 or so. The title Registered Jeweller, however, is granted by the Gemmological Institute of America to those who have passed the examination in the fundamentals of gemmology, including the grading of diamonds, and who possess practical experience. Certificates indicating whether a dealer is a qualified gemmologist or a Registered Jeweller are always conspicuously displayed for the benefit of the customer. In many cases, on the other hand, years of experience plus a business reputation of the highest order will help to offset the lack of such certification.

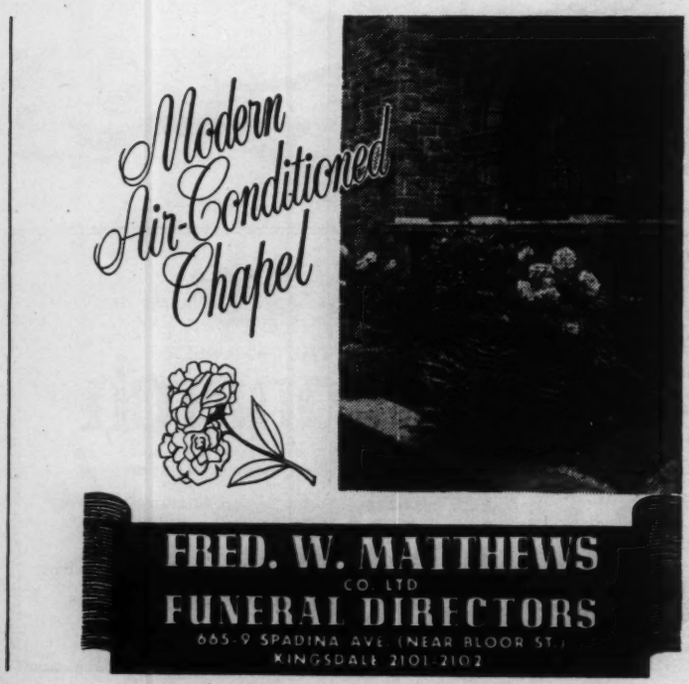
Only by checking carefully the credentials of the person from whom you buy, can you be sure that you won't be taken in by a gem faker.

HELEN BUSH

J. K. JAMIESON

TREVOR F. MOORE

J. K. Jamieson and Trevor F. Moore have been elected vice-presidents of Imperial Oil Ltd. Mr. Jamieson attended the University of Alberta and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating from the latter. He has worked in the oil industry since 1932 and became a director of Imperial Oil in 1952. Mr. Moore, a graduate of the University of Toronto, entered the investment business and has a wide experience in corporate financing. He is a former vice-president of the Investment Dealers' Association of Canada. He became a director of Imperial Oil in 1950.



Conversation Pieces

THE FIRST official women's golf team to represent Canada abroad, sails at the end of May to play match games in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and to represent Canada in the British Open and a special Commonwealth contest; the team, expenses paid by the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union, comprises veteran golfer Ada Mackenzie, captain, Ontario's Marlene Stewart and Mary Gay, Quebec's Mrs. Graeme Pyke and Daintry Chisholm, and BC's Mrs. J. H. Todd and Babs Davies.

"People are my business," columnist Margaret Aitken of Toronto's *Telegram* has always declared, and lived up to it by defeating her two male opponents (441 votes against their combined 414), to become the PC's federal candidate in a new suburban Toronto riding.

Vancouver's Totem Theatre has received a three months' reprieve, with the extension of its lease on the present rented premises. The Totem campaign for funds to build its own theatre is still winning support.

Witchcraft and sorcery are still officially acknowledged in Canada, with their retention in the new consolidated Criminal Code as a means of prosecuting fraudulent fortune tellers and phony mediums.

The Toronto Women's Canadian Club gives an annual $200 award to an author who has made an outstanding contribution to the cultural life of Canada. This year the prize went to Paul Duval, art critic of SATURDAY NIGHT, for his book *Canadian Drawings and Prints*.

Conversation Pieces

Weddings of interest include that of Louise Bourbeau, of Outremont, Que., and Daniel Champoux, son of Judge Edgar Champoux, of Quebec City; and of Betty Bethune, granddaughter of the late Rev. Dr. C. J. S. Bethune, former head of Trinity College School, Port Hope, and Edward Neel Henniker, son of Lt.-Col. E. C. J. L. Henniker, formerly of Enderby, BC.

After 25 years as Deputy Provincial Commissioner for Girl Guides in New Brunswick, Mrs. W. Murray Lawson recently retired.

Montrealer Anne Kahane was one of three Canadians to have her entry in the first International Sculpture competition sent over for the final judging at London's Tate Gallery. But the story did not end there. She won a cash award. Entries were sent in by 3,500 sculptors from 57 countries.

You will want to read the fascinating chapter on Canada in *A Bonnie Fechter* (Clarke, Irwin), the biography of Lady Aberdeen (wife of a former Governor-General), who, in the face of some bitter opposition, founded the National Council of Women, the Victorian Order of Nurses and the May Court Clubs.

Conversation Pieces

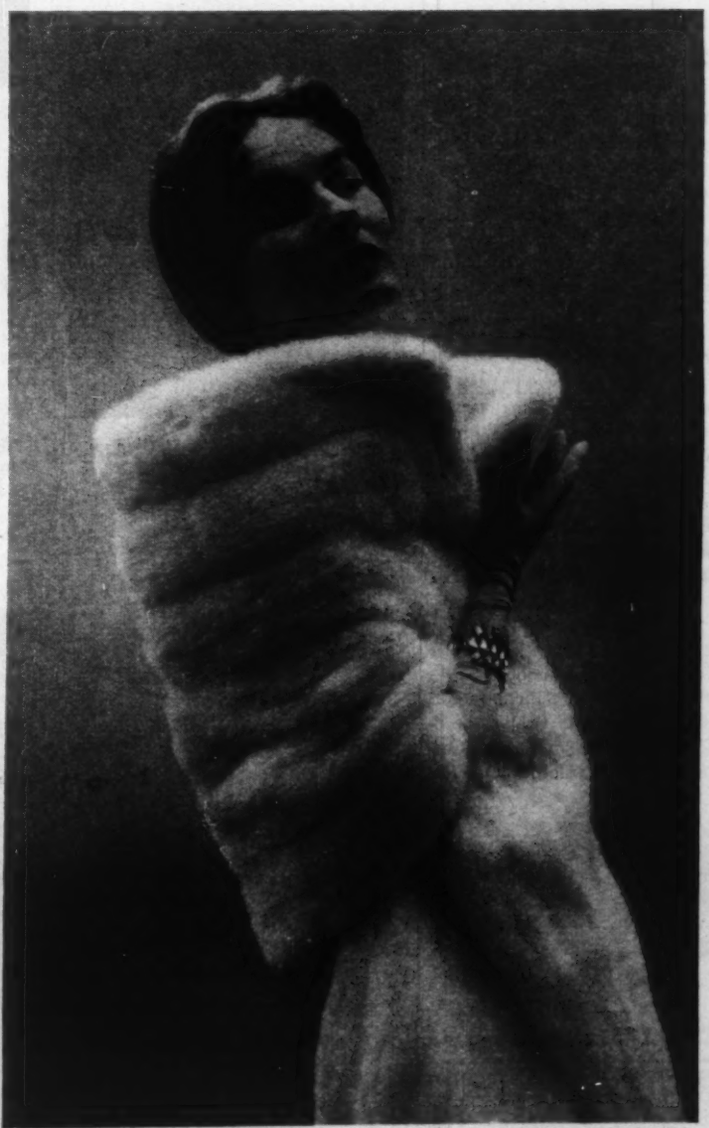
Saskatchewan IODE scholarships for further studies in the field of education went to Janet Isabelle Bonham, of Saskatoon, and to Mrs. Florence Lucille West, of Hudson Bay.

Actor John Colicos returns this summer to star, in the Montreal Festivals (music and drama), in *King Lear*. It was only last year that he made theatre headlines in London's Old Vic when, as an understudy, he successfully took over the Lear role for several weeks, when the star was ill.

A new popularity seems to be the pleasant fate of Pelargoniums (plain, ordinary geraniums), with some 75 varieties for window boxes or gardens, and their leaves a piquant flavoring for jellies, cakes and soups.

New Presidents include: Mrs. S. C. Snively, to head the Women's Committee of Toronto's Art Gallery; Mrs. A. J. Knapman, of Hamilton, named by the Ontario IODE; and Mrs. Hector St. Jacques, of Ottawa, re-elected National President of the Federation of French Canadian Women of Canada.

Women



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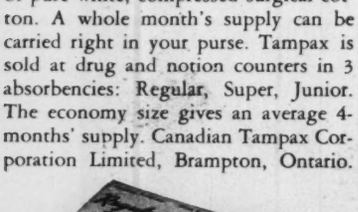

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Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra's First "Springtime Party"

Photos by Capital Press

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EUGENE KASH, *the Philharmonic's conductor, and Madame St. Laurent.*

PRESIDENT *Mrs. C. C. Radcliff, Women's Committee, and John Adaskin.*

CHATTING: *Mrs. John Adaskin and harmonica virtuoso Larry Adler.*

St. George's Ball, Montreal

Richard Arless

AT THE BALL: *(l to r) C. N. Knowles, President, Mrs. Knowles, Rt. Hon. Viscount Montgomery, Mrs. Arthur Melling, Arthur Melling, Chairman of Ball Committee. At rear: Lady Tymns, Mrs. G. G. Simonds, Rt. Rev. John Dixon, Mrs. Eric Redford, Eric Redford.*

Her Subject: Canada

JUST PUBLISHED is Marjorie Wilkins Campbell's third major work on Canada, a detailed study of her adopted province, Ontario. It is the work of a writer whose favorite bird-song is still that of the meadow-lark, whose best-remembered perfume is the scent of the wolf-willow, who likes people better than places and has considerable salt in her humor.

Slim, blonde and pretty, Marjorie Campbell is the oldest child of a man who had fully expected her to be a son. Perhaps a later son would have taken some of the pressure off Marjorie, but there were instead six daughters in a neat attractive row. William Herbert Wilkins needed a boy. He was a roving adventurous Yorkshireman with a strong sense of family, and it never did make sense to him that he should not have a boy to finish what he had begun in the way of exploring and recording the world as he found it.

Before he was thirty he had covered a good portion of Africa, mastering the Swahili and Zulu languages so that he might better understand the people, and taking thousands of pictures. He kept a voluminous diary. With Africa tucked under his belt, he went back to England, married, came out to Saskatchewan in a year or two to begin the discovery of another world, a pursuit which his daughter, in spite of her femininity and her strong wish to write fiction instead of geography, has ably continued.

Psychological patterns being what they are, persisting in spite of being recognized, it is doubtful whether Mr. Wilkins realized that he wanted his oldest girl to be a boy, or whether Marjorie knew it either. And the situation was certainly complicated by the death of her mother when Marjorie was thirteen, so that she was left to bring up her five small sisters. The years of those early teens, before her father remarried, brought the girls very close and in times of joy or sorrow Marjorie is still their first port of call. Meanwhile, she has for 22 years been the wife of Dr. Angus Campbell, (noted otolaryngologist and one-time head of the department at the University of Toronto), with whom she has collaborated on a book, *Philoso-*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

• •

Upon My Word!

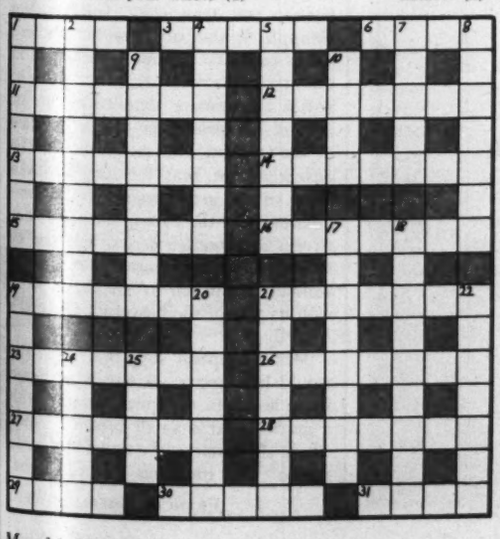
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. See 3. (4)
3. It was natural, it seems, to "rear" him as a violinist, but not natural for him to play 1 across. (5)
6. Night fliers return to have a go at it. (4)
11. See 28. (7)
12. A robin I made capital out of in Africa. (7)
13. It's unlucky the number that follow the stars in the U.S. (7)
14. Look! The insect has swallowed a little piano! (7)
15. Having taken ale, the legs may wobble, one says. (7)
16. Footwear to chew on, Dick? (7)
19. Crosby, perhaps, shows he's a wise bird at heart on the green. (7)
21. Some news to sing about at last! (7)
23. Although Lorna Doone made up to him, she had no one in the end. (7)
26. Adjust a stove? (7)
27. Naturally one expects them to be good and above, in an exclamatory way. (7)
28. Not something that goes to 11s in 23. (7)
29. Take turn and turn about. (4)
30. Mrs. Grundy was more than rude! (5)
31. O sir is that your wife? (4)

DOWN

1. Plant that sounds like an ice-plant? (7)
2. Position of a melodious worm, at sunset? (9)
4. For these are strongholds, with locks, of course. (7)
5. How Mackenzie sought election? Just the opposite. (7)
7. An uncertain voter might treasure it. (5)
8. A broken blister is enough to make one. (7)
9. Did he hire pigs to compose himself? (8)
10. A cut-up? (4)
17. Dear me! To be different is avoiding 11s. (8)
18. Yet you can't hang your hat on them. (9)
19. Does he sometimes get under your s-kin? (7)
20. Reg rises sort of sour inside. That'll certainly make him one. (7)
21. Well, all engine-drivers should be! (7)
22. Sporty things really become Olivier's wife in a steamship. (7)
24. It's better to late, than never, according to Publius Syrus. (5)
25. Does Anthony want to change his surname? (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Air on the G string
9. Rimbaud
10. Nineveh
11. Ale
12. Hustles
13. Roi
14. Elgar
15. Compose
18. Bassoon
19. Eclat
22. Ass
23. Descant
25. Ohm
26. Trilogy
27. Purpose
28. Descending scale

DOWN

1. Air bases
2. Romberg
3. Neatherds
4. Hades
5. Gentlemen
6. Tones
7. Inverse
8. Gehrig
15. Crosseyed
16. Overtures
17. Stampede
18. Bestirs
20. Leonora
21. Salted
23. Drone
24. Aspen

(261)

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

phy of Medicine. Mrs. Campbell is a warm-hearted hostess, has roughly a million friends whose affairs she takes deeply to heart, is staunch and strong in such groups as the Canadian Women's Press Club, the Canadian Authors' Association (she is currently bursar) and Toronto's carefully selected Heliconian club, made up of women who lead in the arts.

Her telephone rings all the time and it is a mystery to most people how she gets time to write. Her steady continuing activity, telling the story of Canada, entails a great deal of travel and mountains of research.

As did so many young Englishmen of his time, Marjorie's father took up a homestead in Saskatchewan. The small daughters spent their childhood there, 50 miles from the nearest railroad. The first house was of logs with a sod roof, carefully lined inside with precious sheets brought from England. When the railway came nearer and brought in lumber, the house was replaced by a frame dwelling.

But by 1911 Mr. Wilkins decided that he must give up the farm, however successful it had been, and take his girls to a school. They moved to Le Ross, and later to Swift Current, in which town Mr. Wilkins went back to his profession of optometry. It is indicative of Marjorie's anxiety to fulfil her father's hopes that she, too, studied optometry and graduated with a degree in that subject from the University of Toronto. She has never practised.

She went to England in the twenties, expecting to work at her profession, but her heart was not in it and she fell into the hands of her true love, writing. She found herself almost instinctively writing articles about Canada and the Canadian people and selling them to such editors as Beverley Baxter. She was a committed writer when she came back to Canada, and in 1928 was doing an article every second week for SATURDAY NIGHT.

In 1929 she became the first editor of the *Magazine Digest*; was woman's editor of the *Canadian Magazine* from 1933 to 1939; wrote a column in the *Canadian Countryman* from 1939 to 1951 and has had articles in most leading Canadian magazines, particularly in the last three years.

Of Marjorie Wilkins Campbell's books, the first, *The Soil Is Not Enough*, is the story of her father's seven years as a homesteader, told in the first person as if he had written it, and is an intimate, detailed picture of life on the prairie in the early years of the century. Her second book, *The Saskatchewan*, was the long involved story of the great prairie river. Commissioned by the editors of the famous *Rivers of America* series, it is one of the few of that series done by a woman. Published in March, 1950, it won its author the Governor-General's Award.

Mrs. Campbell says that what she would like above all else is a square stone house in the quiet country, with a garden and a small brown spaniel, where she could settle down and write fiction. The time has not yet come.

FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

Lighter Side

Conscience And Consequences

MISS A. was busy writing when I came in. A pile of envelopes rose on the desk beside her. "You giving an At-Home?" I asked.

She shook her head and handed me one of the letters.

"Dear Friend: (I read)

If you pass this letter along you will be greatly rewarded.

Gracie Fields won $500 in an Irish Lottery by preserving the chain. A high Army Officer, who broke it, was involved in a serious motor accident.

Make an exact copy of this letter and send it to ten friends, within a week of receiving it. DO NOT BREAK THE CHAIN."

"Well, of all the silly, superstitious—" I began.

"I am not in the least superstitious," Miss A. said with dignity. "At the same time I realize, like every intelligent person, that there are certain forces beyond our knowledge or control—" She added another letter to the pile. "For instance," she went on, "Mrs. Ipswitch, the corresponding secretary of our Anti-Pigeon League, tells me that last year she received a chain letter and put off sending it till it was almost too late. Then she took this terrific stitch in her side, so she hurried and got off the letters and then called the doctor."

"How did he diagnose it?" I asked. "Chain stitch?"

"He told her," Miss A. said impressively, "that in another two hours the appendix would have burst." She went back to her writing. And after a moment I said, "Yes, but this letter only calls for ten letters, and you must have about a hundred there."

"Eighty," Miss A. said. "I have twenty more to do." She slipped another letter into its envelope. "You see, I sent my ten to members of the Anti-Pigeon League—you're supposed to send them to friends, and you have to follow the directions exactly—and quite naturally, they each sent one to me. The ones I'm sending out now are to the Needlework Guild and our Progressive Conservative Club."

"Yes, but if they all send them back you'll have a thousand to send out," I said, "and after that maybe ten thousand. You're up against arithmetic progression."

Miss A. looked harassed but stubborn. "Gracie Fields—" she began.

"Gracie Fields probably has ten thousand friends and twenty secretaries," I said, and added, "You're certainly going to need a lot of friends. You'll have to start going out more."

RUDYARD the parrot stirred on his perch. "The turtle gets ahead by sticking out his neck, ha, ha!" he said.

"Well, I can see you're busy," I said, and got up. "Better break the chain before you get in any deeper." But Miss A. shook her head.

"I wouldn't risk the consequences," she said sombrely.

One of Miss A's chain letters arrived for me in the next morning's mail. I put it in the waste-basket, but on second thought took it out and copied it carefully on the typewriter, changing only the ending. It now read, "Vote for the Liberal Party at the next Federal Election. Copy this letter exactly and send it to ten friends within a week of receiving it." I then posted it to Miss A.

When I dropped in to see her, over a week later, I found her lying on the studio couch looking drawn and pale. "I can't get up," she said, "my sciatica is killing me." She closed her eyes but after a moment opened them again. "I didn't get any thousand letters," she said, "I only got sixty-five back."

"No wonder you gave yourself sciatica," I said indignantly, "sending out 650 chain letters!"

"I only wrote 640," Miss A. said, "and it wasn't the 640 I wrote that gave me sciatica. It was the ten I didn't write."

"You mean you broke the chain!" I cried.

Miss A. sat up with an effort. "What else could I do?" she said despairingly. "How could I, a lifelong Conservative, and especially right after the Dewar-Lunan scandal, send out a chain letter saying, 'Vote for the Liberal Party'?"

"Any idea who sent it?" I asked cautiously, and Miss A. said wearily it was probably just part of the Liberal pre-election campaign.

SHE LAY down again and closed her eyes.

Then she said, after a moment, "I had to decide between my conscience and the possible consequences, and in the end I chose the consequences. The letter arrived on the two o'clock delivery on a Tuesday, and at exactly five past two on the next Tuesday I had my first attack of sciatica."

"Her sciatica is killing her," Rudyard said. "Ha, ha!"

I went out and filled her hot water bottle. It seemed the least I could do. Then I came back and tucked it under her. "After all, I broke the chain and nothing happened to me," I said.

"It usually takes a week to ten days," Miss A. said.

And, sure enough, two days later I lost the filling from an upper molar. For the powers of darkness that control the chain letter postal service it seemed a rather small and spiteful penalty.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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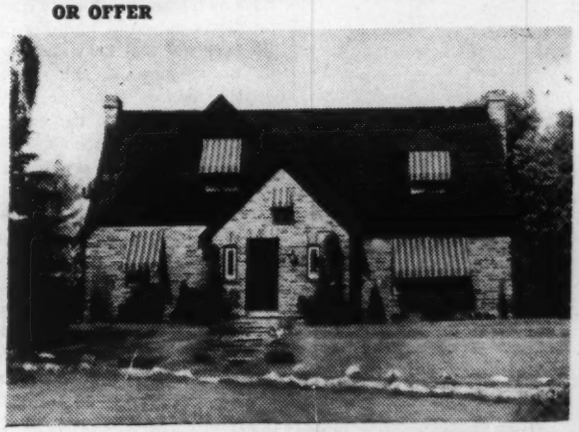

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The Backward Glance

35 Years Ago This Week In Saturday Night

THE FRONT PAGE of SATURDAY NIGHT, May 18, 1918, reflected the warlike feeling of the country at that time. Editor Frederick Paul took dim views of the newly-formed Bolshevist Government in Russia, the statement of a Col. Repington who had criticized the British war effort, the Canadian war loan and the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland. He asked, "How distinguished is an OBE?"

SATURDAY NIGHT ran a shopping service in those days, and readers were invited to enquire about getting the help of a professional Shopper who would make their purchases for them in the Toronto stores. The Canada Life Co. advertised an income plan which would pay the thrifty participant $50 a month on reaching 65 years of age. Nothing has drawn our attention to the cheapening of the dollar more than the decrease in pension values; there's a big difference between $50 a month 35 years ago and today. You could buy a Ford car for $575 in 1918, but the salary scale was down, too.

The Ontario Motor League was offering prizes to children for essays on "How to avoid motor accidents". Pointing out that the *only* way would be by keeping off the streets altogether, editor Paul presented for readers' information the entry of his office boy. This precocious child reported his father as saying that "nine out of ten people that drive cars is crazy". So there's an opinion that seems to have remained constant over the years.

One of the saddest photographs ever to appear in SATURDAY NIGHT showed the men of the Winnipeg Fire Department knitting socks for soldiers. Dispersed among them were several Winnipeg ladies, whose job it was to teach them to knit. None of the firemen looked too pleased with the idea, and several of them seem to be toying with the notion of flushing out the room with a high-pressure hose, ladies, socks, wool, knitting needles and everything else.

As might be expected, the contemporary authors were finding the war an unfailing source of material and John Masefield, among others, had written a book about the fighting, which received a good review. Even those writers who were not too busy with descriptive battlefield impressions and improbable spy stories were skirting the fringes of how to assist the war effort with soberly written treatises on raising poultry or cultivating vegetable gardens. "How quickly the war becomes outdated", was one reviewer's comment on a book called "France Bears the Burden". And looking back at a later and more mechanized holocaust, we can only nod agreement.

Topically enough, the issue of May 18 contained reference to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which after 37 years had just lost the backing of its sponsor, Major Henry L. Higginson. Despite playing to packed houses for years, the orchestra's annual deficit had never dropped below $20,000 and Major Higginson was quoted as saying that, but for this expenditure, he might have been able to afford a yacht. Whether he subsequently did or not we don't know, but apparently the orchestra itself didn't run aground, although it still has a deficit.

On May 18, 1918, the Edward H. Robins Players were beginning their seventh consecutive play, *Broadway and Buttermilk*, at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre; Shea's, with seats at a quarter, was describing itself as the home of vaudeville; and Loew's (with seats at a dime) was showing a gripping photo-drama entitled *Rasputin, the Black Monk*. Opera was in the news, with a review of a concert at Massey Hall in which a Venetian-born tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, had scored a triumph. Martinelli, who was then 31 and at the peak of his fame, was described as having had a similar career to Canada's Edward Johnson, who was then singing in Italy.

The well-fed boy in 1918, according to a Quaker Oats advertisement, got a 5-cent breakfast not only because oats yielded twice as many calories to the pound as steak and cost only one-seventh the price, but also because the company, "by discarding the small insipid grains gets but ten pounds from a bushel". Other advertisements offered cigars at three for a quarter and a three-piece reed suite for $195. And if you really wanted to live in style, you could get an $81 garage for that Ford car we mentioned earlier. The only snag was that you had to build it yourself and, remembering some of our frustrating times with Meccano sets and bird houses, we have a feeling that the sturdily-built Preston garage, "which can be completely assembled in a few hours", might have become merely a pile of rusting debris in our driveway.

Nervy investors were having their worries in May, 1918, too. In the Gold & Dross column, a reader who had asked if the stock market could expect a slump when the war ended, was advised to buy War Loan if he wanted a safe bet. "In general", the writer summarized, "I assume that those common stocks will hold up best whose corporations are amply supplied with working capital". Sound advice, but it probably didn't prevent the usual flock of suckers from investing in some process for extracting gold from sea water or whatever piece of fly-by-night chicanery was current at that time.

The social pages, noting that Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were celebrating their golden wedding, reported that the Liberal leader had received congratulations from Canadians of every party and creed and from admirers throughout the world. Less than twelve months later, the former Prime Minister would be dead, but the picture printed in May, 1918, showed him looking surprisingly fit for a man of 77.

IN THE Women's section of SATURDAY NIGHT, 35 years ago this week, a feature writer debated the pros and cons of the corset. She reached no final judgment on that garment, but she did make the observation that the clothes of that time were giving more freedom of movement and were less confining than any in the previous history of fashion. We are in no position to pass judgment about the freedom of movement part, but so far as the confining effect of women's clothes are concerned we'd hazard a guess that a lot of history has been made since 1918. "The period of the hour-glass waist and the strait-jacket fastening is past and gone", the writer concluded.

As a three-line paragraph at the foot of page seven commented, "it isn't every stout woman in a walking skirt who realizes that it isn't her long suit". At least the jokes were the same.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	26
BUSINESS	33
CURRENT ACCOUNT	9
FILMS	20
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	18
LETTERS	5
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	11
LIGHTER SIDE	45
LITERARY LIFE	22
MUSIC	14
OTTAWA LETTER	16
SPORTS	31
TRAVEL	24
WOMEN	41

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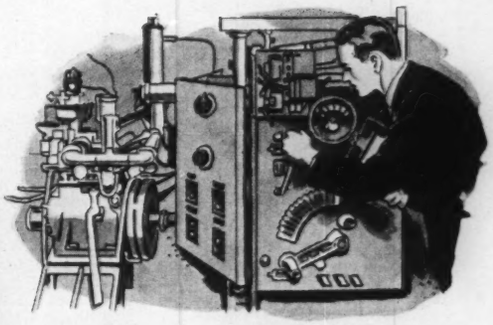

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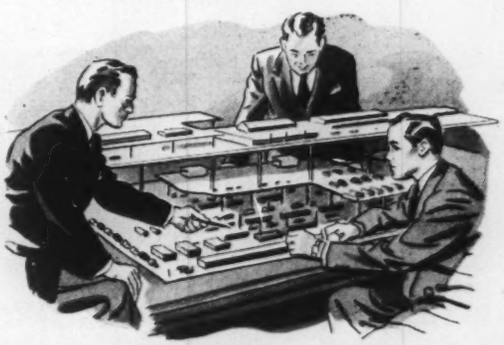

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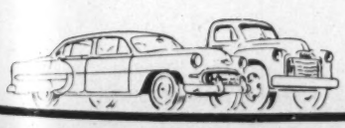

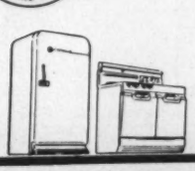

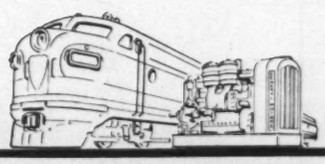

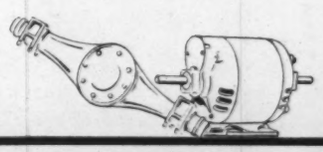

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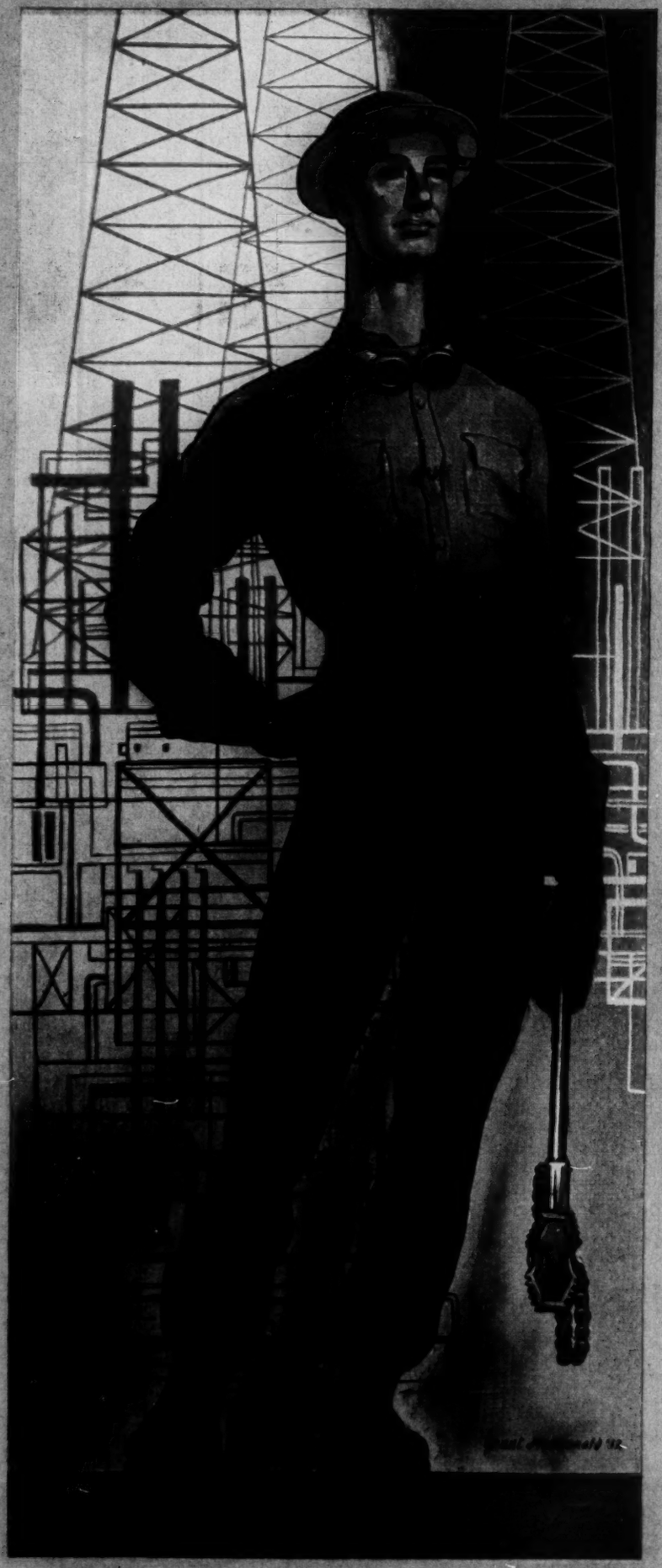

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